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THE BOOKMAN

THE MOTION PICTURES

An Industry, Not an Art

By Burton Rascoe

NOTE: The subjoined article was written several weeks before the Arbuckle scandal fell as manna upon the desks of newsstarved editors. The article is a survey of the industry as a whole and is not concerned with the morals of its mimes.

FROM data afforded by the examination for the draft during the recent war, the National Research Council estimated the intelligence of the average adult male in the United States as that of a normal fourteen year old child. The assumption of various psychiatrists concerning the feminine mean of intelligence is not so flattering. The all-prevalent movie gives uncomfortable weight both to the estimate and to the assumption. Indeed, taking the successful movies to be indicative of the mentality of their patrons, one's inevitable conclusion is that the Council and the psychiatrists do not err on the side of pessimism. The more highly praised among the successful American films, say, the Chaplin comedies, "Blind Husbands", "The Birth of a Nation", "Way Down East", and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", might reasonably lie within the intellectual range of a normal child on the threshold of adolescence. But the mass of movies which nightly draw enormous crowds could be endured regularly, as a form of amusement, only by persons whose psychopathic condition is a subject for grave concern.

Striking an average between the intelligence to which "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is a pleasurable diversion and the mental flicker which is vaguely animate in the presence of "Heedless Moths", one emerges with a determinant upon which hinges the whole problem, not only of the movies, but of the ideals, aspirations, social life, and educational progress of the race. That determinant is the coercive force and weight of the economic patronage of the aver-

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age man who, it has been seen, possesses in this country a fourteen year old intelligence in a state of arrested development, with its sinister burden of prejudices, taboos, neuroses, and superstitions. He is inevitably the arbiter of our destinies in any vast group expression such as custom and law, manners and recreation. He governs all of the self-supporting media of information; he dictates the laws for the minorities; and he specifies the sort of education the succeeding generation shall have. Such minority expressions as fail to meet his approval or to engage his interest are possible only through subsidies derived from profits accruing from activities to which he *has* given sanction. Just as long as he remains what he is, with his power unchallenged and his tastes catered to, it is impossible to foresee any progress toward a homogeneous racial culture of a satisfactory standard.

The outlook, indeed, is dim. Everything makes not only for the statically uncompromising condition of the average man but for his actual debasement. The fear of his economic power is so great that few attempts are made to give new direction to his thoughts and habits. His narrow and material predilections are not only recognized for what they are; they are systematically exploited and debauched. His sense of sight is so easily engaged that the tendency is to appeal to him through that medium alone. It is not merely fortuitous that the past few years have seen the increase of the number of magazines and newspapers which are made up almost exclusively of pictures. It is stretching the truth to say that such magazines and newspapers are designed to meet the demand of people who cannot read; but it is obvious that they are designed for sale to people for whom reading is an effort to be exerted as little as possible.

There is scant repose for the retina of the modern man either in the towns or the cities on account of this fugal increase in frequency of the appeal to sight. Huge gothic headlines which appeared for the first time in the less blatant newspapers during the war have remained as lurid and startling, even though the events to which they now call attention are neither catastrophic nor of particular interest to large numbers of people. Signboards vie with each other in color and design and in frugality of words necessary for conveying the sales idea. On the aural side the nervous strain of the American city resident is not less great. His sensitivity to sound is blunted by the excessive noises which assail his ears, and the protective mechanism of the body of necessity tends to make him impervious to the less distracting of these noises. Otherwise he would go to pieces under the extraordinary demands made upon his nervous system. The net results of these terrific drains upon the senses and upon the vital energy necessary to resist these drains are: first, fatigue which makes reading, study, and contemplation almost impossible; and second, an unresponsiveness to any visual or aural impressions which are not violent, badly organized, and sensational. The movies are merely contributions to the mass effect of conditions which tend toward either the nervous derangement of the modern American or to his complete imperviousness to anything which is fine, delicately organized, poised, and harmonious. To attain the hold they have upon Americans, the movies have had to compete in blatancy with the posters and billboards, the newspaper

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headlines and magazine advertisements, the picture papers and the electric signs.

With all these things in mind it is possible to approach the subject of the movies unsentimentally and to set forth the chief facts concerning them, without being drawn for long into the swirling nonsense about the "art of the motion picture", movie censorship, the future of the films, and similar topics which only remotely touch an intelligent man's tastes or intellectual interests.

The movie industry in America is a commercial and speculative enterprise and nothing more. Within a few years it has become one of the five most important industries in the country. It has behind it a vast deal of shrewd and adventurous business acumen but not one influential directive mind above the level of a stock promoter, not one guiding personality who has revealed more than a glimmer of æsthetic interests or even of elementary taste. The aims of those concerned with it from the first have been as meretricious as the aims of so many real estate boosters. Its promoters have successfully resisted every influence designed to lift the movies above the level of a cheap and gaudy piece of merchandise. They have kept the movie on the intellectual level of the peep-show and the penny arcade, the trashy novel and the illustrated newspaper. And for this reason they have been inordinately successful. They have been shrewd enough to take advantage of an invention whereby an infantile amusement is profitably purveyed to millions of people. Before the motion picture was developed the craving of the insensate and the feeble-minded for crude distractions was supplied by novelty factories, five and ten cent stores, amusement parks, itinerant evangelists, barn-storming stock companies, sideshows, and street corner vendors. The movies synchronized the appeal of all these and made millions for the money-grubbing doodle bugs who early recognized the fact and made capital of it.

Financial success has had its usual American consequences. From open scorn and ridicule on the part of the literate came serious interest and exaggerated esteem. The newspapers opened their columns to the new matter of national interest, engaged movie critics, and set about taking advantage of the possibilities for revenue derived from a widely exploited amusement. Costly theatres were built solely for motion pictures. Massive studios were erected. Salaries for personable young women and handsome young men with a knack for easy pantomime went skyrocketing. The business boomed. Wall Street poured money into it and competitive production was augmented to the point of saturation. Weak companies collapsed or were absorbed by other organizations. Obscure stock performers and vaudeville comedians became national figures. A huge movie colony grew up in Hollywood, California, a site selected by numerous companies because of the advantageous atmospheric conditions in southern California for motion picture photography. Thence were attracted thousands of young men and women from farms and cities, fired with ambitions to become Mary Pickfords and Wallie Reids, Bill Harts, and Douglas Fairbankses. This, in itself, was the postulation of a new goal of ambition for the immature, a distressingly cheap ambition, combining exhibitionism and huge salaries as a goal.

Meanwhile what was and is the

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form of amusement or diversion provided by the movies? It was and is the mirror of the aspirations of a peculiarly unimaginative, repressed, and mentally starved people, a people who have in the overwhelming main been taught to value only a devitalizing and despiritualizing material success, arrived at by a curious duality of ethical teaching and practice. It provides a vicarious wish fulfilment of a character which is pitiably revelatory. Tired, asthmatic clerks in office buildings, gaunt salesmen, and timid newspaper men seek escape from the confining monotony of their indoor routine in pictures depicting impossible adventures of impossible heroes in impossible "sets" and situations in the far west and the northern wilds. Girls and women living cramped lives in factories and offices, in schoolrooms and apartments, refuse to be repleted by the repetition of the typical movie variation on the Cinderella story, a variation with little of the simple humanity and poetry of the Cinderella original or of its permutations in the literature of other people. A typical movie plot is that of the poor young man who wins to the love of his employer's daughter by a business coup which discomfits the villain and wins the respect of the irascible father. The rewards of honesty and hard work are invariably pictured as involving beautiful estates, elaborate wardrobes, motor cars, and bowing servants. No film actress is ever pictured in rags and tatters in the opening scenes without a triumphal emergence toward the "clinch" in a gown designed by Paquin or Lucile.

Not one scenario has been prepared in this country for a motion picture with a significant idea. In almost every instance where good novels and plays and short stories have been drawn upon for movie material, the ideas have been distorted and sentimentalized out of all recognition. And the very worst and most insipid of American fiction has been gutted for scenarios of widely advertised and patronized films. In the process of preparing a plot for the movies a series of rigid taboos are observed by which every possible variation from the insipid formulæ of sentimental moralizing is rigidly excluded. Stage successes such as "The Easiest Way" and "The Affairs of Anatol" have, on the screen, become nauseating, the very wallow and mire of sentimental bawdry. It would seem that the most incompetent journalistic hacks, the most illiterate backwash of the writing profession, are retained to prepare the scenarios for American film production. Reputable authors, serious craftsmen with a conscience about their work, have at times yielded to the importunities of the movie producers. And when they have seen the continuity writer's version, the "art director's" conception, and the actors' portrayal of what they originally conceived in intellectual honesty and artistic integrity, they have experienced various stages of exasperation. Most of the reputable writers who have sold and have contracted to sell the motion picture rights to their work, have either ostensibly or actually taken the attitude that there is no help for the situation, that the movies are an institution by illiterates, of illiterates, and for illiterates, and pocketed the easy money.

Among the purely commercial writers the pernicious effects of the motion picture industry are everywhere observable. The movie producers are able to pay prices so overtopping those derivable from the stage, from the magazines, and from

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book publication, that the majority of American writers are planning their work with a view to screen production. This condition, of course, does not affect the serious literary artist, but the cumulative force of narrative constantly reduced to its lowest elements of continuous action, devoid of comment, observation, and philosophic content, and stripped of the factors requiring cerebration for appreciation, must ultimately have its disastrous effect upon the cerebral processes of that portion of the race which reads solely for vicarious adventure and relaxation.

Another problem presents itself in the physiological and psychological effect of habitual attendance at the movies regularly shown in American theatres. The American movies are preponderately sentimental, evoking the emotions of sympathy, pity, and terror, with constant recourse to the readiest surefire methods, such as depicting babies, small children, defenseless mothers, and helpless women, in tragic circumstances. Consider then the fact that such movies with their catharsis of pity and sympathy and terror, are attended night after night by a vast portion of the population of the country. The Greeks recognized the need of tragedy upon the stage as a means whereby the audiences might be purged at rare intervals of the emotions of pity and terror and thus remain good citizens, valiant soldiers, and decent human beings adjusted to the reality of life. But American movie fans are constantly stimulated artificially. Their tear ducts and adrenal glands are overtaxed. They are emotionally sapped night after night before unreal circumstances. This means that their capacity for reacting emotionally in real life is reduced. The tendency is toward emotional insanity, a complete inability to feel any emotion which is not artificially stimulated.

Whether the movies in this country will ever attract the first-class artist is problematical. The field is held at present by ex-chauffeurs and ex-scene shifters who summarily reject all constructive criticism and are hostile to all ideas which they stigmatize as highbrow. It is to their interest, obviously, that the movies remain the tawdry claptrap they are, sentimental and vulgar episodes in settings which are anachronistic, flashy, ludicrous, and absurd.

To talk of the art of the motion pictures as we know them from American producers is to talk of the art of the depilator, of canned beans, and of dental creams—of any merchandise designed to meet the needs of or to create a need in vast numbers of people. It is unwarrantable to hope for a development of the movies into a distinctive art form or that they will become reasonably and satisfyingly artistic as long as they are in the hands of the present group of men whose sole concern is that they make enormous profits out of them. Such improvements as will be made are almost certain to be merely the perfection of ingenious camera tricks, lighting effects, scene shifting, double exposures, and other mechanical minutiæ. Concretely, should any present-day producer in America take it into his head to picturize "Hamlet", one knows beforehand that his efforts would be mainly bent upon making a very nebulous and ghostly ghost, for that is exactly how the creative mind of the motion picture producer works. He will have a more ghostly ghost than has ever been seen on the stage,

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and upon that fact alone he will rest his achievement.

So far as I have been able to learn, there is not one American producer who has made any effort to plumb the possibilities of the motion picture as a distinct art form. The American producer has been content to leave it a sorry mongrel through a miscegenation of bad literature and bad theatre, with photography as an inept obstetrician. Yet these possibilities have occurred to everyone, excepting the movie producers, who has ever given thought to the subject. It is inconceivable that any American producer would picturize Conrad's "Lord Jim" without making a botch of it. But it is conceivable that a serious student of the resources of motion picture photography and projection might evolve a motion picture masterpiece as powerful and as satisfying as Conrad's novel. Conrad himself has stated his aim as "by the power of the written word to make you see and above all to make you feel". The very words he uses are adaptable to the medium of the motion picture. But such a consummation will never be achieved by a collaboration of hack fictionists, illiterate continuity writers, vainglorious directors, simpering flappers, and strutting pomade addicts. It will take long and serious study, constant experimenting, courage in defeat and frustration, vision, and ideals. These qualities are not appreciably evident among the American motion picture producers.

It is for this reason that I, for one, cannot grow indignant over the motion picture censorship, although I align myself with the angels of liberalism and free speech. The upholders of the movie censorship, it seems to me, are, if anything, more worthy of respect than are the rank and file of its journalistic opponents, however mad, silly, and pathologic are the bases of this censorship. The opponents of the movie censorship, on the other hand, are, in the main, upholders of the principle of freedom as concerns the exploitation of a brand of cheap merchandise, a definite source of advertising revenue, purveyed by a financially powerful organization. And they are upholders of the principle of freedom only as concerns the movies. They are not concerned with the larger problems of intellectual and artistic freedom. The movies as we know them might very well be censored off the face of the earth, and the only effect upon the intelligence and art of the country would be one of lasting benefit. Yet the majority of the opponents of the movie censorship arrogate to their arguments the dialectic weapons which should remain inviolate except in battles involving the spiritual integrity of man. They cheapen and devitalize the concepts of free action. The eager journalist calls Patrick Henry to witness that the censor's shears which snipped the scene where the burglar enters the lady's boudoir are an instrument and a symbol of modern tyranny and of inquisitorial arrogance. The indignant editorial writer fresh from an abbreviated version of a Mack Sennett comedy sees in the deleted flashes of bathing beauties an abrogation of the Constitutional rights of free speech and a menace to American art and letters. This is all grotesquely ludicrous. There is something comically incongruous in a polemic against the censorship of the movies appearing in the press which is resolutely antagonistic to the free interchange of ideas and is conspicuously silent when the Comstocks suppress another piece of literature or when the federal authorities

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hold up another issue of an intelligent magazine. The suppressions of "The 'Genius'", of "Jurgen", and of "Ulysses" and the impounding of "The Liberator", "The Little Review", and the New York "Call" (which evoked no concerted protest from the American press) mean something in the history of free speech in America. The deletion of a movie version of an act of violence or of a bawdy scene means only official interference with a lucrative industry.

Moreover the movie producers, with characteristic stupidity, got themselves into the censorship mess which threatens to curtail their revenue and to diminish their profits. The National Board of Review was a highly liberal organization of disinterested and unsalaried public servants who vetoed nothing which was not obviously injurious or detrimental to the minds and morals of the young. Among their meagre taboos were picturization of the nude and acts of violence upon women. During the war, predatory movie producers, on a plea of patriotic ardor, procured permission to show acts of violence committed upon women by German soldiers. Once this permission was granted, they proceeded to concoct pictures of inconceivable lewdness and excruciating horror. The reaction, of course, was quick and violent. Once elementary racial sanity was resumed after the war feeling died down, such pictures were seen for what they were —the obscene and sadistic imaginings of human swine—and the National Board of Review became useless through the rise of state and municipal censorship boards which were prepared to clip every reel to a pattern of innocuous insipidity. The movies are seriously threatened. No producer knows whether a film which passes one board will be denied by another. Unless he adheres to a thumb rule of Valentine sweetness and Sunday School teaching, he is never sure whether the distribution of his film will be profitable or not. Like the brewers and distillers he is mainly responsible for the predicament in which he finds himself, and it is difficult to share his tears and his indignation.

It is not with the censorship of American movies, indeed, but with the censorship of imported films that the liberal-minded need concern themselves. With their early start in the field and their vast financial backing, American motion picture producers have shown excellence in only two fields, that of satiric and farce comedy, and in exploiting the beauty and health, the freshness and naïveté of American girlhood. Chaplin's walk, Turpin's eyes, Fairbanks's acrobatics, Miss Pickford's pout, Miss Gish's tears, Miss Talmadge's smile are familiar throughout the world; nor is it likely that they will ever be seriously interfered with by the censors. But there is evidence that foreign producers are putting into their films much intelligent effort and artistic enterprise. The German films, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "The Golem", and various French and Italian projects show a tendency abroad to grasp the particular problem of the movies and to evolve an art form peculiar to that medium. The enumerated taboos of the numerous state and municipal censorship boards automatically preclude the free distribution of these motion pictures in America. Such is the result of the coercive power and weight of the economic patronage of the average adult American male, with his fourteen year old intelligence, his burden of prejudices, taboos, neuroses, and superstitions.

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AN OUTLINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

By Donald Ogden Stewart

With Sketches by Herb Roth

CHAPTER VI

HOW LOVE CAME TO GENERAL GRANT

In the Manner of Harold Bell Wright

ON a brisk winter evening in the winter of 1864 the palatial Fifth Avenue "palace" of Cornelius van der Griff was brilliantly lighted with many brilliant lights. Outside the imposing front entrance a small group of pedestrians had gathered to gape enviously at the invited guests of the "four hundred" who were beginning to arrive in elegant equipages, expensive ball dresses, and fashionable "swallowtails".

"Hully gee!" exclaimed little Frank, a crippled newsboy who was the only support of an aged mother, as a particularly sumptuous carriage drove up and a stylishly dressed lady of fifty-five or sixty stepped out accompanied by a haughty society girl and an elderly gentleman in clerical dress. It was Mrs. Rhinelander, a social leader, and her daughter Geraldine, together with the Reverend Dr. Gedney, pastor of an exclusive Fifth Avenue church.

"What common looking people," said Mrs. Rhinelander, surveying the crowd aristocratically with her lorgnette.

"Yes, aren't they?" replied the clergyman with a condescending glance which ill befit his clerical garb.

"I'm glad you don't have people like that *dans votre église*, Dr. Gedney," said young Geraldine, who thought it was "smart" to display her proficiency in the stylish French tongue. At this moment the door of the van der Griff residence was opened for them by an imposing footman in scarlet livery and they passed into the abode of the "elect".

"Hully gee!" repeated little Frank.

"What's going on tonight?" asked a newcomer.

"Gee—don't youse know?" answered the newsboy. "Dis is de van der Griff's and tonight dey are giving a swell dinner for General Grant. Dat lady wot just went in was old Mrs. Rhinelander. I seen her pitcher in de last 'Harper's Weekly' and dere was a story in de paper dis morning dat her daughter Geraldine was going to marry de General."

"That isn't so," broke in another. "It was just a rumor."

"Well, anyway," said Frank, "I wisht de General would hurry up and come—it's getting cold enough to freeze the tail off a brass monkey." The onlookers laughed merrily at his humorous reference to the frigid tem-

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"Her eyes quickly filled with tears"

perature, although many cast sympathetic looks at his thin threadbare garments and registered a kindly thought for this brave boy who so philosophically accepted the buffets of fate.

"I bet this is him now," cried Frank, and all waited expectantly as a vehicle drove up. The cabman jumped off his box and held the carriage door open.

"Here you are, Miss Flowers," he said, touching his hat respectfully.

A silver peal of rippling laughter sounded from the interior of the carriage.

"Why Jerry," came in velvet tones addressed to the coachman, "you mustn't be so formal just because I have come to New York to live. Call me Miss Ella, of course, just like you

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did when we lived out in Kansas," and with these words Miss Ella Flowers, for it was she, stepped out of the carriage.

A hush fell on the crowd as they caught sight of her face—a hush of silent tribute to the clear sweet womanhood of that pure countenance. A young man on the edge of the crowd who was on the verge of becoming a drunkard burst into tears and walked rapidly away to join the nearest church. A pr-st—te who had been plying her nefarious trade on the avenue, sank to her knees to pray for strength to go back to her aged parents on the farm. Another young man, catching sight of Ella's pure face, vowed to write home to his old mother and send her the money he had been expending in the city on drinks and dissipation.

And well might these city people be affected by the glimpse of the sweet noble virtue which shone forth so radiantly in this Kansas girl's countenance. Although born in Jersey City, Ella had moved with her parents to the west at an early age and she had grown up in the open country where a man's a man and women lead clean sweet womanly lives. But on her eighteenth birthday, her parents had passed on to the Great Beyond and the heartbroken Ella had come east to live with Mrs. Montgomery, her aunt in Jersey City. This lady, being socially prominent in New York's "four hundred", was of course quite ambitious that her pretty little niece from the west should also enter society. For the last three months, therefore, Ella had been fêted at all the better class homes in New York and Jersey City, and as Mrs. van der Griff, the Fifth Avenue social leader, was in the same set as Ella's aunt, it was only natural that when making out her list of guests for the dinner in honor of General Grant she should include the beautiful niece of her friend.

As Ella stepped from the carriage, her gaze fell upon little Frank, the crippled newsboy, and her eyes quickly filled with tears, for social success had not yet caused her to forget that "blessed are the weak". Taking out her purse, she gave Frank a silver dollar and a warm look of sympathy as she passed into the house.

"Gee, there went an angel," whispered the little cripple, and many who heard him silently echoed that thought in their hearts. Nor were they far from wrong.

But even an angel is not free from temptation, and by letting Ella go into society her aunt was exposing the girl to the whisperings of Satan—whisperings of things material rather than things spiritual. Many a girl just as pure as Ella has found her standards gradually lowered and her moral character slowly weakened by the contact with the so-called "refined" and "cultured" infidels one meets in fashionable society. Many a father and mother whose ambition has caused them to have their daughter go out in society have bitterly repented of that step as they watched the poor girl gradually succumbing to the temptations of the world. Let her who thinks it is "smart" to be in society consider that our brothels with their red plush curtains, their hardwood floors, and their luxurious appointments, are filled largely with the worn out belles and débutantes of fashionable society.

The next minute a bugle call sounded down the street and up drove a team of prancing greys. Two soldiers sprang down from the coachman's box and stood at rigid attention while the door of the carriage opened and

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out stepped General Ulysses S. Grant.

A murmur of admiration swept over the crowd at the sight of his manly inspiring features, in which the clean-cut virility of a life free from dissipation was accentuated by the neatly trimmed black beard. His erect military bearing—his neat, well-fitting uniform—but above all his frank open face proclaimed him a man's man—a man among men. A cheer burst from the lips of the onlookers and the brave but modest general lowered his eyes and blushed as he acknowledged their greeting.

"Men and women," he said, in a voice which although low, one could see was accustomed to being obeyed, "I thank you for your cheers. It makes my heart rejoice to hear them, for I know that you are not cheering me personally but only as one of the many men who are fighting for the cause of liberty and freedom, and for" —the general's voice broke a little, but he mastered his emotion and went on —"for the flag we all love."

"Gallantly and tactfully rescued her"

At this he pulled from his pocket an American flag and held it up so that all could see. Cheer after cheer rent the air, and tears came to the general's eyes at this mark of devotion to the common cause.

"Wipe the d—d rebels off the face of the earth, G-d d— 'em," shouted a too enthusiastic member of the crowd

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who, I fear, was a little the worse for drink. In an instant General Grant had stepped up to him and fixed upon him those fearless blue eyes.

"My man," said the general, "it hurts me to hear you give vent to those oaths, especially in the presence of ladies. Soldiers do not curse, and I think you would do well to follow their example."

The other lowered his head shamefacedly. "General", he said, "you're right and I apologize."

A smile lit up the general's handsome features and he extended his hand to the other.

"Shake on it," he said simply, and as the crowd roared its approval of this speech the two men "shook".

Meanwhile within the van der Griff house all were agog with excitement in expectation of the arrival of the distinguished guest. Expensively dressed ladies fluttered here and there amid the elegant appointments; servants in stylish livery passed to and fro with trays of wine and other spirituous liquors.

At the sound of the cheering outside, the haughty Mrs. Rhinelander patted her daughter Geraldine nervously, and between mother and daughter passed a glance of understanding, for both felt that tonight, if ever, was Geraldine's opportunity to win the handsome and popular general.

The doorbell rang, and a hush fell over the chattering assemblage; then came the proud announcement from the doorman: "General Ulysses S. Grant"—and all the society belles crowded forward around the guest of honor.

It had been rumored that the general, being a soldier, was ignorant of social etiquette, but such proved to be far from the case. Indeed, he handled himself with such ease of manner that he captivated all, and for each and every young miss he had an apt phrase or a pretty compliment, greatly to their delight.

"Pleased to know you"—"Glad to shake the hand of such a pretty girl"—"What a nice little hand—I wish I might hold it all evening"—with these and kindred pleasantries the general won the way into the graces of Mrs. van der Griff's fair guests, and many a female heart fluttered as its owner gazed into the clear blue eyes of the soldier, and listened to his well-chosen tactful words.

"And how is the dear General this evening?"—This in the affected tone of old Mrs. Rhinelander, as she forced her way through the crowd.

"Finer than silk," replied he, and he added, solicitously, "I hope you have recovered from your lumbago, Mrs. Rhinelander."

"Oh quite", answered she, "and here is Geraldine, General", and the ambitious mother pushed her daughter forward.

"Comment vous portez-vous, mon Général?" said Geraldine in French. "I hope we can have a nice *tête-à-tête* tonight", and she fawned upon her prey in a manner that would have sickened a less artificial gathering.

Were there not some amid all that fashionable throng in whom ideals of purity and true womanhood lived—some who cared enough for the sacredness of real love to cry out upon this hollow mockery that was being used to ensnare the simple, honest soldier? There was only one, and she was at that moment entering the drawing room for the purpose of being presented to the general. Need I name her?

Ella, for it was she, had been upstairs busying herself with her toilet when General Grant had arrived and

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"Stop," cried General Grant.

she now hurried forward to pay her homage to the great soldier. And then, as she caught sight of his face, she stopped suddenly and a deep crimson blush spread over her features. She looked again, and then drew back behind a nearby portière, her heart beating wildly.

Well did Ella remember where she had seen that countenance before, and as she stood there trembling the whole scene of her folly came back to her. It had happened in Kansas, just before her parents died, on one sunny May morning. She had gone for a walk; her footsteps had led her to the banks of a secluded lake where she often went when she wished to be alone. Many an afternoon had Ella dreamed idly away on this shore, but that day, for some reason, she had felt unusually full of life and not at all like dreaming. Obeying a thoughtless but innocent impulse, with no intention of evil, she had taken off her clothes and plunged thus n-k-d into the cool waters of the lake. After she had swum around a little she began to realize the extent of her folly and was hurriedly swimming towards the shore when a terrific cramp had seized her lower limbs, rendering them powerless. Her first impulse, to scream for help, was quickly checked with a deep blush, as she realized the consequences if a man should hear her call, for nearby was an encampment of Union soldiers, none of whom she knew. The perplexed and helpless girl was in sore straits and was slowly sinking for the third time, when a bearded stranger in soldier's uniform appeared on the bank and dove into the water. To her horror he swam rapidly towards her—but her shame was soon changed to joy when she realized that he was purposely keeping his eyes tight shut. With a few swift powerful strokes he reached her side, and, blushing deeply, took off his blue coat,

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fastened it around her, opened his eyes, and swam with her to the shore. Carrying her to where she had left her clothes, he stayed only long enough to assure himself that she had completely recovered the use of her limbs, and evidently to spare her further embarrassment, had vanished as quickly and as mysteriously as he had appeared.

Many a night after that had Ella lain awake thinking of the splendid features and the even more splendid conduct of this unknown knight who wore the uniform of the Union army. "How I love him," she would whisper to herself; "but how he must despise me!" she would cry, and her pillow was often wet with tears of shame and mortification at her folly.

It was shortly after this episode that her parents had taken sick and passed away. Ella had come east and had given up hope of ever seeing her rescuer again. You may imagine her feelings then when, on entering the drawing room at the van der Griff's, she discovered that the stranger who had so gallantly and tactfully rescued her from a watery grave was none other than General Ulysses S. Grant.

The poor girl was torn by a tumult of contrary emotions. Suppose he should remember her face. She blushed at the thought. And besides, what chance had she to win such a great man's heart in competition with these society girls like Geraldine Rhinelander who had been "abroad" and spoke French.

At that moment one of the liveried servants approached the general with a trayful of filled wine glasses. So engrossed was the soldier-hero in talking to Geraldine—or, rather, in listening to her alluring chatter—that he did not at first notice what was being offered him.

"Will you have a drink of champagne wine, General?" said Mrs. van der Griff who stood near.

The general raised his head and frowned as if he did not understand.

"Come, *mon Général,*" cried Geraldine gaily, "we shall drink *à votre succès dans la guerre*", and the flighty girl raised a glass of wine on high. Several of the guests crowded around and all were about to drink to the general's health.

"Stop," cried General Grant, suddenly realizing what was being done, and something in the tone of his voice made everyone pause.

"Madam", said he, turning to Mrs. van der Griff, "am I to understand that there is liquor in those glasses?"

"Why yes, General," said the hostess smiling uneasily, "it is just a little champagne wine."

"Madam", said the general, "it may be 'just champagne wine' to you, but 'just champagne wine' has ruined many a poor fellow and to me all alcoholic beverages are an abomination. I cannot consent, madam, to remain under your roof if they are to be served. I have never taken a drop—I have tried to stamp it out of the army, and I owe it to my soldiers to decline to be a guest at a house where wine and liquor are served."

An excited buzz of comment arose as the general delivered this ultimatum. A few there were who secretly approved his sentiments, but they were far too few in number and constant indulgence in alcohol had weakened their wills so that they dared not stand forth. An angry flush appeared on the face of the hostess, for in society "good form" is more important than courage and ideals, and by his frank statement General Grant had violently violated the canons of correct social etiquette.

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"Very well, Mr. Grant", she said, stressing the "Mr."—"if that's the way you feel about it—"

"Stop," cried an unexpected voice and to the amazement of all Ella Flowers stepped forward, her teeth clenched, her eyes blazing.

"Stop," she repeated. "He is right—the liquor evil is one of the worst curses of modern civilization, and if General Grant leaves, so do I."

Mrs. van der Griff hesitated for an instant, and then forced a smile.

"Why Ella dear, of course General Grant is right," said she, for it was well known in financial circles that her husband, Mr. van der Griff, had recently borrowed heavily from Ella's uncle. "There will not be a drop of wine served tonight, and now General, shall we go in to dinner? Will you be so kind as to lead the way with Miss Rhinelander?" The hostess had recovered her composure, and smiling sweetly at the guest of honor, gave orders to the servants to remove the wine glasses.

But General Grant did not hear her; he was looking at Ella Flowers. And as he gazed at the sweet beauty of her countenance he seemed to feel rising within him something which he had never felt before—something which made everything else seem petty and trivial. And as he looked into her eyes and she looked into his, he read her answer—the only answer true womanhood can make to clean, worthy manhood.

"Shall we go *à la salle-à-manger?*" sounded a voice in his ears, and Geraldine's sinuous arm was thrust through his.

General Grant took the proferred talon and gently removed it from him.

"Miss Rhinelander," he said firmly, "I am taking this young lady as my partner", and suiting the action to the word, he graciously extended his arm to Ella who took it with a blush.

It was General Grant's turn to blush when the other guests, with a few exceptions, applauded his choice loudly, and made way enthusiastically as the handsome couple advanced to the brilliantly lighted dining room.

But although the hostess had provided the most costly of viands, I am afraid that the brave general did not fully appreciate them, for in his soul was the joy of a strong man who has found his mate and in his heart was the singing of the eternal song, "I love her—I love her—I love her!"

It was only too apparent to the other guests what had happened and to their credit be it said that they heartily approved his choice, for Mrs. Rhinelander and her scheming daughter Geraldine had made countless enemies with their haughty manners, whereas the sweet simplicity of Ella Flowers had won her numerous friends. And all laughted merrily when General Grant, in his after-dinner speech, said "flowers" instead of "flour" when speaking of provisioning the army—a slip which caused both the general and Miss Flowers to blush furiously, greatly to the delight of the good-natured guests. "All the world loves a lover"—truer words were never penned.

After dinner, while the other men, according to the usages of best society, were filling the air of the dining room with the fumes of nicotine, the general, who did not use tobacco, excused himself—amid many sly winks from the other men—and wandered out into the conservatory.

There he found Ella.

"General," she began.

"Miss Flowers", said the strong man simply, "call me Ulysses."

And there let us leave them.

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OUT OF MY NEWSPAPER DAYS

By Thedore Dreiser

I: CHICAGO

DURING the preceding year (1890) I had been sensing my first dim notion as to what it was I wanted to do in life. For two years and more I had been reading Eugene Field's "Sharps and Flats", a column he wrote daily for the Chicago "Daily News", and through this, the various phases of life which he suggested in a humorous though at times romantic way, I was beginning to suspect, vaguely at first, that I wanted to write, possibly something like that. Nothing else that I had so far read—novels, plays, poems, histories—gave me quite the same feeling for constructive thought as did the matter of his daily notes, poems, and aphorisms, which were of Chicago principally, whereas nearly all others dealt with more foreign matter.

But this comment on local life here and now, these trenchant bits on local street scenes, institutions, characters, functions, all moved me as nothing hitherto had. To me Chicago at this time seethed with a peculiarly human or realistic atmosphere. It is given to some cities, as to some lands, to suggest romance, and to me Chicago did that hourly. It sang, I thought, and in spite of what I deemed my various troubles—small enough as I now see them—I was singing with it. These seemingly drear neighborhoods through which I walked each day, doing collecting for an easy-payment furniture company, these ponderous regions of large homes where new-wealthy packers and manufacturers dwelt, these curiously foreign neighborhoods of almost all nationalities; and, lastly, that great downtown area, surrounded on two sides by the river, on the east by the lake, and or the south by railroad yards and stations, the whole set with these new tall buildings, the wonder of the western world, fascinated me. Chicago was so young, so blithe, so new, I thought. Florence in its best days must have been something like this to young Florentines, or Venice to the young Venetians.

Here was a city which had no traditions but was making them, and this was the very thing that everyone seemed to understand and rejoice in. Chicago was like no other city in the world, so said they all. Chicago would outstrip every other American city, New York included, and become the first of all American, if not European or world, cities....This dream many hundreds of thousands of its citizens held dear. Chicago would be first in wealth, first in beauty, first in art achievement. A great World's Fair was even then being planned that would bring people from all over the world. The Auditorium, the new Great Northern Hotel, the amazing (for its day) Masonic Temple twenty-two stories high, a score of public institutions, depots, theatres and the like, were being constructed. It is something wonderful to witness a

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world metropolis springing up under one's very eyes, and this is what was happening here before me.

Nosing about the city in an inquiring way and dreaming half-formed dreams of one and another thing I would like to do, it finally came to me, dimly, like a bean that strains at its enveloping shell, that I would like to write of these things. It would be interesting, so I thought, to describe a place like Goose Island in the Chicago River, a mucky and neglected realm then covered with shanties made of upturned boats sawed in two, and yet which seemed to me the height of the picturesque; also a building like the Auditorium or the Masonic Temple, that vast wall of masonry twenty-two stories high and at that time actually the largest building in the world; or a seething pit like that of the Board of Trade, which I had once visited and which astonished and fascinated me as much as anything ever had. That roaring, yelling, screaming whirlpool of life! And then the lake, with its pure white sails and its blue water; the Chicago River, with its black, oily water, its tall grain elevators and black coal pockets; the great railroad yards, covering miles and miles of space with their cars.

How wonderful it all was! As I walked from place to place collecting I began betimes to improvise rhythmic, vaguely formulated word-pictures or rhapsodies anent these same and many other things—free verse, I suppose we should call it now—which concerned everything and nothing but somehow expressed the seething poetry of my soul and this thing to me. Indeed I was crazy with life, a little demented or frenzied with romance and hope. I wanted to sing, to dance, to eat, to love. My word-dreams and maunderings concerned my day, my age, poverty, hope, beauty, which I mouthed to myself, chanting aloud at times. Sometimes, because on a number of occasions I had heard the Reverend Frank W. Gunsaulus and his like spout rocket-like sputterings on the subjects of life and religion, I would orate, pleading great causes as I went. I imagined myself a great orator with thousands of people before me, my gestures and enunciation and thought perfect, poetic, and all my hearers moved to tears or demonstrations of wild delight.

After a time I ventured to commit some of these things to paper, scarcely knowing what they were, and in a fever for self-advancement I bundled them up and sent them to Eugene Field. In his column and elsewhere I had read about geniuses being occasionally discovered by some chance composition or work noted by one in authority. I waited for a time, with great interest but no vast depression, to see what my fate would be, but no word came and in time I came to realize that they must have been very bad and had been dropped into the nearest waste basket. But this did not give me pause nor grieve me. I seethed to express myself. I bubbled. I dreamed. And I had a singing feeling, now that I had done this much, that some day I should really write and be very famous into the bargain.

But how? How? My feeling was that I ought to get into newspaper work, and yet this feeling was so nebulous that I thought it would never come to pass. I saw mention in the papers of reporters calling to find out this, or being sent to do that, and so the idea of becoming a reporter gradually formulated itself in my mind, though how I was to get such a place I had not the slightest idea. Perhaps reporters had to have a special train-

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ing of some kind; maybe they had to begin as clerks behind the counter, and this made me very sombre, for those glowing business offices always seemed so far removed from anything to which I could aspire. Most of them were ornate, floreate, with onyx or chalcedony wall trimmings, flambeaux of bronze or copper on the walls, imitation mother-of-pearl lights in the ceilings—in short, all the gorgeousness of a sultan's court brought to the outer counter where people subscribed or paid for ads. Because the newspapers were always dealing with signs and wonders, great functions, great commercial schemes, great tragedies and pleasures, I began to conceive of them as wonderlands in which all concerned were prosperous and happy. I painted reporters and newspaper men generally as receiving fabulous salaries, being sent on the most urgent and interesting missions. I think I confused, inextricably, reporters with ambassadors and prominent men generally. Their lives were laid among great people, the rich, the famous, the powerful; and because of their position and facility of expression and mental force they were received everywhere as equals. Think of me, new, young, poor, being received in that way!

Imagine then my intense delight one day, when, scanning the "Help Wanted: Male" columns of the Chicago "Herald", I encountered an advertisement which ran (in substance):

> Wanted: A number of bright young men to assist in the business department during the Christmas holidays. Promotion possible. Apply to Business Manager between 9 and 10 a. m.

"Here", I thought as I read it, "is just the thing I am looking for. Here is this great paper, one of the most prosperous in Chicago, and here is an opening for me. If I can only get this my fortune is made. I shall rise rapidly." I conceived of myself as being sent off the same day, as it were, on some brilliant mission and returning, somehow, covered with glory.

I hurried to the office of the "Herald", in Washington Street near Fifth Avenue, this same morning, and asked to see the business manager. After a short wait I was permitted to enter the sanctuary of this great person, who to me, because of the material splendor of the front office, seemed to be the equal of a millionaire at least. He was tall, graceful, dark, his full black whiskers parted aristocratically in the middle of his chin, his eyes vague pools of subtlety. "See what a wonderful thing it is to be connected with the newspaper business!" I told myself.

"I saw your ad in this morning's paper," I said hopefully.

"Yes, I did want a half dozen young men," he replied, beaming upon me reassuringly, "and I think I have nearly enough. Most of the young men that come here seem to think they are to be connected with the 'Herald' direct, but the fact is we want them only for clerks in our free Christmas gift bureau. They have to judge whether or not the applicants are imposters and keep people from imposing on the paper. The work will only be for a week or ten days, but you will probably earn ten or twelve dollars in that time—" My heart sank. "After the first of the year, if you take it, you may come around to see me. I may have something for you."

When he spoke of the free Christmas gift bureau I vaguely understood what he meant. For weeks past, the "Herald" had been conducting a campaign for gifts for the poorest children of the city. It had been impor-

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tuning the rich and the moderately comfortable to give, through the medium of its scheme, which was a bureau for the free distribution of all such things as could be gathered via cash or direct donation of supplies: toys, clothing, even food, for children.

"But I wanted to become a reporter if I could," I suggested.

"Well," he said, with a wave of his hand, "this is as good a way as any other. When this is over I may be able to introduce you to our city editor." The title, "city editor", mystified and intrigued me. It sounded so big and significant.

This offer was far from what I anticipated, but I took it joyfully. Thus to step from one job to another, however brief, and one with such prospects, seemed the greatest luck in the world. For by now I was nearly hypochondriacal on the subjects of poverty, loneliness, the want of the creature comforts and pleasures of life. The mere thought of having enough to eat and to wear and to do had something of paradise about it. Some previous long and fruitless searches for work had marked me with a horror of being without it.

I bustled about to the "Herald's" Christmas Annex, as it was called, a building standing in Fifth Avenue between Madison and Monroe, and reported to a brisk underling in charge of the doling out of these pittances to the poor. Without a word he put me behind the single long counter which ran across the front of the room and over which were handed all those toys and Christmas pleasure pieces which a loud tomtoming concerning the dire need of the poor and the proper Christmas spirit had produced.

Life certainly offers some amusing paradoxes at times, and that with that gay insouciance which life alone can muster and achieve when it is at its worst anachronistically. Here was I, a victim of what Socialists would look upon as wage slavery and economic robbery, quite as worthy, I am sure, of gifts as any other, and yet lined up with fifteen or twenty other economic victims, ragamuffin souls like myself, all out of jobs, many of them out at elbows, and all of them doling out gifts from eighty-thirty in the morning until eleven and twelve at night to people no worse off than themselves.

I wish you might have seen this chamber as I saw it for eight or nine days just preceding and including Christmas day itself. (Yes; we worked from eight a. m. to five-thirty p. m. on Christmas day, and very glad to get the money, thank you.) There poured in here from the day the bureau opened, which was the morning I called, and until it closed Christmas night, as diverse an assortment of alleged poverty-stricken souls as one would want to see. I do not say that many of them were not deserving; I am willing to believe that most of them were; but, deserving or no, they were still worthy of all they received here. Indeed when I think of the many who came miles, carrying slips of paper on which had been listed, as per the advice of this paper, all they wished Santa Claus to bring them or their children, and then recall that, for all their pains in having their minister or doctor or the "Herald" itself visé their request, they received only a fraction of what they sought, I am inclined to think that all were even more deserving than their reward indicated.

For the whole scheme, as I soon found in talking with others and seeing for myself how it worked, was most loosely managed. Endless varieties of toys and comforts had been

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talked about in the paper, but only a few of the things promised, or vaguely indicated, were here to give—for the very good reason that no one would give them for nothing to the "Herald". Nor had any sensible plan been devised for checking up either the gifts given or the persons who had received them, and so the same person, as some of these recipients soon discovered, could come over and over, bearing different lists of toys, and get them, or at least a part of them, until some clerk with a better eye for faces than another would chance to recognize the offender and point him or her out. Jews, the fox-like Slavic type of course, and the poor Irish, were the worst offenders in this respect. The "Herald" was supposed to have kept all applications written by children to Santa Claus, but it had not done so, and so hundreds claimed that they had written letters and received no answer. At the end of the second or third day before Christmas it was found necessary, because of the confusion and uncertainty, to throw the doors wide open and give to all and sundry who looked worthy of whatever was left or "handy", we, the ragamuffin clerks, being the judges.

And now the clerks themselves, seeing that no records were kept and how without plan the whole thing was, notified poor relatives and friends, and these descended upon us with baskets, expecting candy, turkeys, suits of clothing and the like, but receiving instead only toy wagons, toy stoves, baby brooms, Noah's Arks, story books—the shabbiest mess of cheap things one could imagine. For the newspaper, true to that canon of commerce which demands the most for the least, the greatest show for the least money, had gathered all the odds and ends and leftovers of toy bargain sales and had dumped them into the large lofts above, to be doled out as best we could. We could not give a much-desired article to any one person because, supposing it were there, which was rarely the case, we could not get at it or find it; yet later another person might apply and receive the very thing the other had wanted.

And we clerks, going out to lunch or dinner (save the mark!), would seek some scrubby little restaurant and eat ham and beans, or crullers and coffee, or some other tasteless dish, at ten or fifteen cents per head. Hard luck stories, comments on what a botch the "Herald" gift bureau was, on the strange characters that showed up—the hooded Niobes and dusty Priams, with eyes too sunken and too dry for tears—were the order of the day. Here I met a young newspaper man, gloomy, out at elbows, who told me what a wretched, pathetic struggle the newspaper world presented, but I did not believe him although he had worked in Chicago, Denver, St. Paul.

"A poor failure," I thought; "someone who can't write and who now whines and wastes his substance in riotous living when he has it!"

So much for the sympathy of the poor for the poor.

But the "Herald" was doing very well. Daily it was filling its pages with the splendid results of its charity, the poor relieved, the darkling homes restored to gaiety and bliss.... Can you beat it? But it was good advertising, and that was all the "Herald" wanted.

Hey, Rub-a-dub! Hey, Rub-a-dub-dub!

(After working again for a bill-collecting agency, Dreiser was finally taken on as an extra reporter by the Chicago "Globe" at the time of the Democratic Convention of 1892. For several months he pursued his work as a reporter with various failures and successes.)

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THE thing which brought my newspaper life in Chicago to a close, and indeed the whole period which I may call my guileless, fumbling youth, was a series of assignments or rather a campaign to close a group of so-called "fake auction shops" licensed by the city and from which the police were deriving a very handsome revenue, which task was placed in my hands as a regular daily assignment by this new city editor of mine with the comment that I must make something out of it, put a news punch in it. Campaigns of this kind are occasionally undertaken not in a spirit of righteousness as a rule but because of public pressure and a wish to increase circulation and popularity; yet in this case no such laudable or excusable intent could be alleged.

This paper, as I now learned, was controlled by one John B. MacDonald, a celebrated Irish politician, gambler, racer of horses, and the owner of a string of local houses of prostitution, saloons, and gambling dens, all of which combined netted him a large income and made him one of the most influential men politically in the city. Recently, owing to one spiritual accident and another, he had fallen on comparatively difficult days. His reputation as a shady character had become too widespread. The pharisees and influential men generally who had formerly profited by his favor now found it expedient to pass by on the other side. Public sentiment against him had been aroused by political attacks on the part of one newspaper and another that did not belong to his party; the last election having been lost to him, the police and other departments of the city were now supposed to work in harmony to root out his vile though profitable vice privileges.

Everybody knows how these things work. Some administration attacks had been made upon him, or rather his privileges, whereupon, not finding suitable support in the papers of the city of his own persuasion—they having axes of their own to grind—he had started a paper of his own, the Chicago "Globe". He had brought on a capable newspaper man from New York, who was doing his best to make of the paper something which would satisfy MacDonald's desire for influence and circulation the while he lined his own pockets as best he could against a rainy day. For this reason, no doubt, our general staff was underpaid, though fairly efficient. During my stay the police and other departments, under the guidance of Republican politicians and newspapers, were making an attack on Mr. MacDonald's preserves; to which he replied by attacking as best he might through the medium of the "Globe" anything and everything he thought would do his rivals harm. Among these were a large number of mock auction shops in the downtown section which were daily fleecing hundreds by selling bogus watches, jewelry, diamonds, and the like. Evidently the police were deriving a direct revenue from these, but since the administration was now anti-MacDonald and these were not Mr. MacDonald's property nothing was said or done to stop this traffic, though victims appeared before the police to explain that they had been swindled and to ask for restitution.

I cannot now recall what it was about my treatment of these institutions that aroused so much interest in the office and made me into a kind of "Globe" hero. When I started I was practically innocent of all knowledge of the complications which I have described above, and almost as innocent

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when I concluded. Daily now at ten a. m. I went to one or another of these shops, listened to the harangue of the noisy "barkers", as they were called, saw tin-gilt jewelry "knocked down" to unsuspecting yokels from the south and west who stood open-mouthed watching the hypnotizing movements of the auctioneer's hands as he waved a glistering gem or watch in front of them and expatiated in pyrotechnic language on the beauties and perfections of the article he was compelled to part from for a song. These places were not only deceptions and frauds as to the things they pretended to sell but were as well gathering-places for thieves, pickpockets, footpads and the like, who, finding some deluded bystander to be possessed of a watch, pin, or roll of money, either then and there robbed him by some legerdemain or followed him into a dark street and knocked him down and robbed him. At this time Chicago was notorious for this sort of thing, and it was openly charged in the "Globe" and elsewhere that the police connived at and thrived by the transactions.

However that may be, my descriptions of what was going on pleased Mr. McEnnis far and beyond anything I had previously done. I was cautioned against detection and being "beaten up" by those whom I was offending, for I noticed after the first day or two that the "barkers" of some of the shops occasionally studied me curiously or ceased their more shameful effronteries in my presence and produced something of more value. The facts which my articles presented finally began to attract a little attention to the paper. Either because the paper sold better or that this was an excellent club wherewith to belabor his enemies, the publisher now decided to call the attention of the public to what was going on in our columns via the billboards, and McEnnis himself undertook to frighten the police into activity by swearing out warrants against the different owners of the shops and thus compelling them to take action.

For the first time in my life I became the centre of a semi-literary, semi-public reform hubbub. The principal members of the staff assured me that the articles were forceful in fact and color and highly amusing. One day, via the license bureau and with the aid of McEnnis, I secured the names of the alleged owners and managers of nearly all of these shops and thereafter attacked them by name, describing them just as they were, where they lived, how they made their money, etc. In company with a private detective and several times with McEnnis, I personally served warrants of arrest, accompanied the sharpers to police headquarters, where they were immediately released on bail, and then ran to the office to write out my impressions of all I had seen, repeating conversations as nearly as I could remember, describing uncouth faces and bodies of crooks, policemen and detectives, and by sly innuendo indicating what a farce and sham the whole seeming interest of the police was.

One day, as McEnnis and I were calling on the chief of police, demanding to know why he was so indifferent to our crusade and the facts we put before him, he actually shook his fist in our faces and exclaimed: "You can go to the devil, and so can the 'Globe'! I know who's back of this campaign, and why. Well, go on and play your little game! Shout all you want to. You're not going to make a mark of me, and you're not going to get me

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fired out of here for not performing my duty. Your paper is only a dirty political rag without any influence."

"Is it!" taunted McEnnis. "Well, you just wait and see. I think you'll change your mind as to that", and we stalked solemnly out.

And in the course of time he did change his mind. Some of the fakers had to be arrested and fined and their places closed up, and the longer we talked and exposed the worse it became for them. Finally a dealer approached me one morning and offered me an eighteen-carat gold watch, to be selected by me from any jewelry store in the city and paid for by him, if I would let his store alone. I refused. Another, a dark, dusty, most amusing and serious-seeming little Jew, offered me a diamond pin, insisting upon sticking it in my cravat, and said: "Go see! Go see! Ask any jeweler what he thinks, if that ain't a real stone! If it ain't—if he says no —bring it back to me and I'll give you a hundred dollars in cash for it. Don't you mention me no more now. Be a nice young feller now. I'm a hard-workin' man just like anybody else. I run a honest place."

I had to laugh.

I carried the pin back to the office and gave it to McEnnis. He stared at me in amazement.

"You shouldn't have taken this," he said. "It may get the paper in trouble. They may have had witnesses to this—but maybe not. Perhaps this fellow is just trying to protect himself. Anyway, don't take anything more, money or anything. If I didn't think you were honest I'd fire you right now."

He took me into the office of the editor-in-chief, who looked at me with still, grey-blue eyes and listened to my story. When I had done he dismissed me and talked with McEnnis for a while. When the latter came out he exclaimed triumphantly: "He sees that you're honest, all right, and he's tickled to death. Now we'll take this pin back, and then you'll write out the whole story just as it happened."

On the way we went to a magistrate to swear out a charge of attempted bribery against this man, and later in the same day I went with the detective to serve the warrant. To myself I seemed to be swimming in a delicious sea of life. "What a fine thing life is!" I thought. "Here I am getting along famously because I can write. Soon I will get more money, and maybe some day people will begin to hear of me. I will get a fine reputation in the newspaper world. Maybe I will be sent on some big commission like Stanley" (who had just been sent to Africa by the New York "Herald") "or George Kennan" (who had been sent to Russia to ferret out the horrors of the exile system by the New York "Tribune").

Already the distant city of New York, with its now famous elevated road, its world of great hotels and theatres and mansions, was calling to me, but as yet it was a faint call. Thanks to this vigorous campaign, of which McEnnis was the inspiration and guiding spirit, all these shops were eventually closed. In so much at least John B. MacDonald had achieved a revenge.

As for myself, I felt that there must be some serious and favorable change impending for me, so warm was McEnnis's espousal of my cause, so genial was his constant companionship; and true enough, within a fortnight after this the change came. As the auction campaign had progressed I had noticed that McEnnis had become more and more friendly. He intro-

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duced me to his wife one day when she was in the office and told her in my presence what splendid work I was doing. Often he would take me to lunch or to a saloon for drinks (for which I would pay), and would then borrow a dollar or two or three, no part of which he ever returned. He lectured me on the subject of study, urging me to give myself a general education by reading, attending lectures and the like. He wanted me to look into the matters of painting, music, sculpture, in order that I should know what was going on in the world æsthetically. As he talked the blood would swirl in my head, and I kept thinking what a brilliant career must be awaiting me. One thing he did was to secure me a place on the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat", and this in a manner so genial and affectionate that as I looked back on it in after years it seemed as though it were something that had not happened at all. The way of it was this:

Just at this time there chanced to come to Chicago one Henry C. Millerand, the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat", who had come here to report the preliminary preparations for the great World's Fair which was to open the following spring. Already the construction of a number of great buildings in Jackson Park had been begun, and the newspapers throughout the country were on the alert as to its progress, its problem, its import and the like. Immense sums of money had been voted for it; powerful individuals in Chicago and elsewhere were its friends and sponsors. This man, a cool, capable observer and writer, chanced to be an oldtime friend of McEnnis, one of his cronies; to him, before he had been in our office an hour, McEnnis introduced me and made an impassioned plea in my behalf for an opportunity for me to do some writing for the "Globe-Democrat" in St. Louis under his direction. The idea was to get this man to allow me to do some World's Fair work for him, on the side as it were, in addition to my work on the "Globe".

"As you see," he said when he introduced me, "he's a mere boy without any experience, but he has the makings of a first-rate newspaper man. Now, Henry, as a favor to me, I want you to help him. You're close to Mac" (Joseph B. McCullagh, editor-in-chief of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat"), "and he's just the man this boy ought to get his training under. Dreiser has just completed a fine piece of journalistic work for me. He's closed up the fake auction shops here, and I want to reward him. He only gets fifteen a week here, and I can't do anything for him in Chicago just now. I'll write and ask Mac to put him on down there, and you write also and tell him how I feel about it."

The upshot of this was that I was immediately taken into the favor of Mr. Millerand, given some easy gossip writing to do, which netted me sixteen dollars the week for three weeks straight running in addition to my fifteen earned on the "Globe"; at the end of that time, some correspondence having ensued between the editor of the "Globe-Democrat" and his two Chicago admirers, I one day received a telegram which read:

> You may have reportorial position on this paper at twenty dollars a week, beginning next Monday. Wire reply.

I stood in the dusty little "Globe" office and stared at this, wondering what so great an opportunity portended. Only six months before I had been jobless and hanging about this back door; here I was tonight with

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as much as fifty dollars in my pocket, a suit of good clothes on my back, good shoes, a good hat and overcoat. I had learned how to write and was already classed here as a star reporter. I felt as though life were going to do wonderful and beautiful things for me. I thought of this familiar and now comfortable Chicago atmosphere, and then I went over to McEnnis to ask him what I ought to do.

When he read the telegram he said: "This is the best chance that could possibly come to you. You will be working on one of the greatest papers and under one of the greatest editors that ever lived. Make the most of your chance. Go? Of course go! Let's see—it's Tuesday; our regular week ends Friday. You hand in your resignation now, to take effect then, and go Sunday. I'll give you some letters that will help you", and he at once turned to his desk and wrote out a series of instructions and recommendations which he later gave me.

That night, and for four days after, until I took the train for St. Louis, I walked on air. I was going away. I was going out in the world to make my fortune. No knight ever mounted his faithful steed or set his lance at rest, facing an unknown future, with more ease and cheer of mind than did I at this time. I was your true adventurer, meditating on the wonders of a distant, unknown world which was calling to me with a voice of purest music; and withal I was touched by the pathos of the fact that life and youth and everything which now glimmered about me so hopefully was, for me as well as for every other living, breathing individual, insensibly slipping away.

(The next instalment of Mr. Dreiser's autobiography will appear in January.)

WHITE BRANCHES

By Hazel Hall

I HAD forgotten the gesture of branches
Suddenly white,
And I had forgotten the fragrance of blossoms
Filling a room at night.

In remembering the curve of branches
Who beckoned me in vain,
Remembering dark rooms of coolness
Where fragrance was like pain,
I have forgotten all else; there is nothing
That signifies—
There is only the brush of branch and a white breath
Against my lips and eyes.

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

II: BOOTH TARKINGTON

With a Sketch by William Gropper

HE has been a "great man" longer than any other living American novelist.

There is a poignant story told of a young man who was ruined by living across the street from him, in the days when he was a romanticist—in life, as in his fiction. This youth got the idea that to be a famous writer it was necessary to keep two or three cabs chugging out in front all night, in case you might suddenly want to go out.

He has had a terrible time "growing up"—in fiction as in life. He managed this, in both respects, quite recently.

He looks today like an old actor. Probably you would not say precisely that he looks like a bad actor, but I doubt whether he would suggest to you a particularly good one. He looks like that kind of actor the menu of whose Thanksgiving dinner, at Oriole, Ohio (a one night stand), would wind up with bread pudding. He would use at that meal a crinkly tissue-paper napkin with Japanesque birds on it done in blue. He (the actor, that is) would figure everything in weeks. He might work fourteen weeks out of sixty weeks. If he ran an extra week he'd live throughout the summer on that extra week's salary. He would open at Stamford, Connecticut. He might speak the opening lines of the piece, which would likely be some such momentous words as "Why hello Alfred, old boy! Where have you been keeping yourself for so long?"

Tarkington's wardrobe inclines to emphasis in color, striking effects—pearl-grey soft hats, suits dashingly light in tone with high-power checks, ties with no faint stripes, that sort of thing. He could not appear on the street without a stick, generally a stocky canary-hued staff with a heavy silver top. His most humorous make-up is a black derby hat, wherein he seems to be very much nose, a Cyrano oddly got into sharply pressed modern tailoring.

His voice certainly ought to carry all over the house. It has timbre and moving volume. It has been spoken of as hoarse and has been said to boom. He himself describes it as a "rich contralto". Anyway, he may be said to be generally in very good voice.

Old, an old actor? And only in, as he puts it, the "infant fifties". Well, perhaps it's his stoop that goes far to produce the effect—a quaint blend of the amiable elderly with a spice of the debonair spirit of youth. I fancy he rather relishes his stoop, in a subconscious way. It's effective when you arrive anywhere late to stand for a moment somewhat stooped at the entrance. One does not want to seem too brash and forward, you know. Then, also, it is a good deal of trouble for one who never takes any regular exercise to sit up quite straight all the while. And, further, though you walk briskly enough, it is amusing to feel that you have known the world for a

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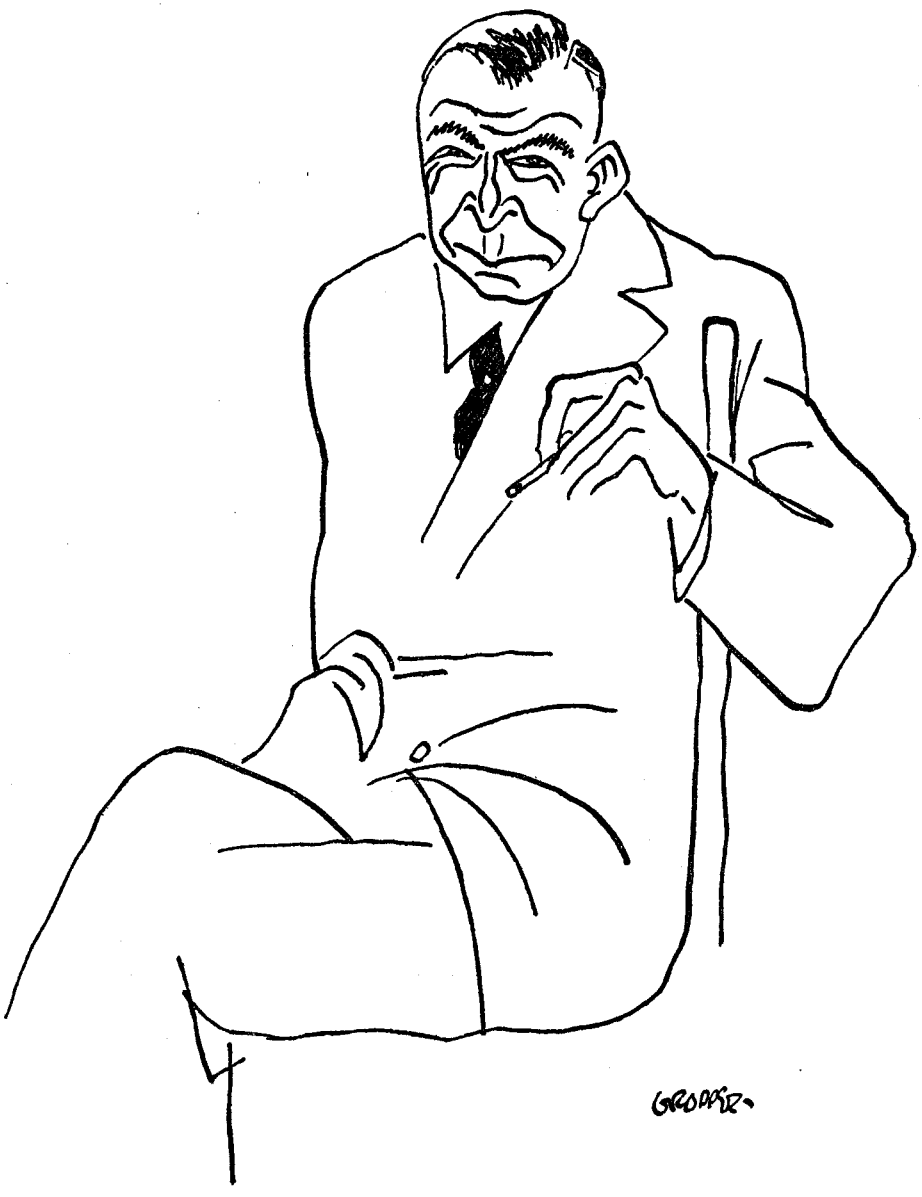

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considerable length of time. *Vanitas vanitatum!*

It is gratifying to love many old-time things: the old buildings at Princeton; the old house of Edwin Booth on Gramercy Park, the home of The Players; and the old family homestead in Indianapolis. That club is now for him "full of ghosts", there is "a new population down there". It is mellowing to the spirit to contemplate that one's dancing days are in the past. It is an invigorating exercise for the mind to hate with a good rousing hatred many new-fangled things: a "forest" of telegraph poles before your door, street cars all about, burglars and burglars and burglars, the insane new dances, the rage for "bigness", the "boosting" spirit come to town, the hordes and hordes of new citizens of mongrel blood filling the streets.

Why, before his town became a city, when he was a boy, his father used to come home from business at three or four in the afternoon, with their shepherd dog which had gone downtown with him in the forenoon bounding about him. Those were days for living! And, above all, it was long before the time of the great and awful smoke.

It is well, too, exceedingly well, to have got over long ago the juvenile desire to write stories doctored up for theatrical effect. One woman reader was heard to speak of "Alice Adams" as a "flat" story. A mighty flat story, indeed, he thought it. Doubtless, it would not be quite correct to say that he now deliberately sets out to write a flat story, but an earnestness almost gruesome which has come to eat at his vitals in the matter of creating fiction, makes the sort of story which strikes this lady as flat the only kind of story he can continue to write.

His energy of expression, in speech, in correspondence, and in his fiction, has its spring in his saying things straight ahead as they come through an honest mind, clear and simple in its workings and close in feeling with everyday stuff. That critic wouldn't be so misguided who should declare that one of the finest lines in literature is that one somewhere in "Penrod" where one of the characters "let out a yell like a gin-maddened nigger".

It is possible to read his handwriting by the exercise of patience and with the aid of a fair amount of former experience with it. He begins at the top of the page with letters of generous size and good clear spaces between the lines, but generally as he nears the lower right-hand corner of his sheet of paper, cramps things up woefully. The very deftly drawn pen sketches with which he now and then adorns his letters have an amount of wit and go to them seldom found in magazine illustrations. He has probably never written out the word *them* in any letter; it is always *'em;* as *I would* always is *I'd,* and so on. His pounding earnestness leads him to underscore something every few words, with somewhat the resulting effect of his shouting it at you. He may write you three long letters within two weeks, and then not again for eight months—unless you call upon him to do something for you, when he responds at once.

The difficulties occasioned many by the activities of Mr. Volstead are quite without sting for him. He decided to duck, as he puts it, the allurements now prohibited, a round number of years ago. Indeed, on that tack he is mighty earnest, too: he will tell you it is "nasty stuff"; and tell it to you strong.

His dissipation is what he calls

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work sprees. And his closest friends confirm the idea that these affairs are chronic in their occurrence and in character extreme and protracted. He has come to be, like all sensible men keenly intent upon their job, very guarded against promiscuous intrusion. And to break in upon him, by telephone or in person, without warrant—you might as well try Buckingham Palace. But if you have honest need of him you'll find him.

At home you'll find him pouring glass after glass of ice water out of a tall silver pitcher and, as elsewhere, smoking an endless number of the mammoth cigarettes which he has made for him, a hundred to a tin box, and labelled "B. T."

An oldtime friend of his, an actor (really an actor), has an amusing story of how he disported himself one evening by presenting twenty dollar bills to vagrants in Bryant Park, taking his reward in relish of their astonishment. But that was many years ago, before the business of being a serious novelist engrossed him completely. He derives amusement from surplus money today in another fashion, by buying bonds. He seems to have become something of an amateur of bonds, a collector. The bond habit he will strongly recommend, if you have inclined him to think that you are interested in the subject.

Though he has, as we all know, lived for lengthy periods in various parts of the world, the intensity of his Americanism perhaps would amuse a budding cosmopolite. He frequently refers to "foreigners" without malice in inflection but certainly as to those, as it were, of another faith.

He has owned a succession of dogs illustrious locally. Probably of no other living writer have so many different portraits appeared in the course of the past twenty years. He does not care to be long in great cities: a week or so once or twice a year in New York is enough for him. He spends the months between late fall and early spring at his home in Indianapolis, then migrates for the rest of the year to Kennebunkport, Maine, where a few years ago he built a very handsome new house. The child of a town far inland with no ships in his books and no seafarers among his forebears, he has called the new place "Seawood", and among the proudest interior decorations of the house are a number of very elaborate models of ships. He is very fond, he declares, of the country, and of being on the water.

By birth, inheritance, education, freedom from the necessity of engaging in business routine, and success in his own work, he has always been, you might say, on the inside. From "Beaucaire" to "Alice Adams" one outstanding circumstance has always attached to the character holding the centre of his stage. Alice is again what he calls an outsider. At length, he had almost shaken off the lace and ruffles of chivalry. And then, at last, the most awful catastrophe overtook her which could befall a heroine of his: grim tragedy brought her to the door of a business college.

Many people have seen his plays, but dramatic critics almost never do.

How long will he continue to bottle the now old reliable "boy stuff" for popular drug store consumption?

His first editions fetch two dollars.

But he is brought out in the most sumptuous edition de luxe of any living American author.

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THE LONDONER

LONDON, *September*, 1921.

IT seems odd in these warm days to be sitting down to write about the autumn books, and yet it must be so, for there are such an astonishing number of new books coming from the publishers that the season has had to begin early in order that all the books shall be put upon the market at all. Where they all come from I cannot think. A few weeks ago, and there was every indication that the season would be a meagre one. Now all is changed, and the lists which have been issued show that there is great activity in at least a section of the publishing offices. Long lists of new books—I will not say, of interesting books, for that would be to me an exaggeration, and exaggeration is a thing I abhor—are being printed in all the papers which specialize in such things; and the demand for some of the books would appear to be considerable. London, in fact, is waking up.

* * * *

For one thing, the "Proms" are again with us, and the "Proms" mean a decided indication of the wakefulness of London. The audiences at the "Proms" (for the benefit of those Americans who do not know London in August and September I ought to mention that the "Proms" are the Promenade Concerts which begin each year in the middle of August and go on until the middle of October) are enormous. So are the programs. I went the other night, and found that the so-called "promenade" was in reality a solid wad of people. They were tightly wedged into a compact mass, and they remained so to the end, in spite of those faint-hearts whose endurance collapsed in the course of the evening. I sometimes wonder why people with cardiac affections go to the "Proms" in their full season. It really is a physical and emotional strain which only those who are very strong should attempt to endure. I have never myself fainted at a concert, although I have been in company with one who has done so and although I once accomplished a very spectacular "faint" on the Brighton railway station; but I never would go to a Promenade Concert, in the promenade, with the intention of standing the whole evening. Yet there are able-bodied people who will wait for some time outside the Hall, and who will then do another two and a half hours' standing in peculiarly exacting circumstances. I suppose it will be agreed that music is a strain, when it is well rendered and properly appreciated. At the "Proms" the strain is doubled. To go to one of them is to receive impressions so exciting and so moving that only a very physically tough person could survive unexhausted. And they are extraordinarily universal in their appeal. I remember going once and in five minutes meeting such a galaxy of distinguished writers as to mark the evening throughout my days. And yet there is nothing snobbish about the "Proms". They are in the best sense of the word popular. There is nothing more democratic and less pretentious in the world of London entertainments. And the quality of the playing is considerable. I will not say so much for the quality of the vocal-

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ists or the discrimination of the applause. But one can and does go to a Promenade Concert for the music.

The secret of the success of these concerts is based upon a personal magnetism, and the magnetism is that of the conductor, Sir Henry J. Wood. Wood was in his early days, as a boy, so markedly enthusiastic that it is said he used to gather a band in a cellar, where concerts were given for the sheer love of music. And he is something more than a mere personality, for he is marked by the disinterestedness of the real artist. He goes to other concerts, follows eagerly players and other conductors; and *he pays for his seats.* This is such a marvelous thing in a world that subsists so much on the use of paper—*paper* meaning free admission—as to be worth mention. I have seen Wood at these other concerts, so I speak of what I know. His courtesy is famous. At a suburban concert, following a curious habit of doing the wrong thing, I once dashed under the concert hall and found myself in the midst of a tuning orchestra. There among the players stood Wood, chatting, as journalists always say of royal persons, with simplicity and candor to some friend. At my approach it was Wood who directed me to the point I wished to reach. It was a pleasing incident, for musical celebrities are not always free from conceit. Here, however, as in other professions, it may be that the good men are the least conscious of their superiority to others of their species. I remember a musical friend who had been very dubious of Wood's mannerisms in conducting, having the experience of playing under Wood's command. He afterward said to me: "He can conduct on his head, if he likes. The moment he begins work you know it's all right, that you can leave it all to him."

These notes are supposed more directly to refer to books and their authors; but a digression to a kindred art may be forgiven. Nothing, I think, so stimulates the writer in his work as music. I have even seen Sir Hall Caine sitting at a Promenade Concert, rapt in delight and philosophic enjoyment. I have also seen other, less philosophic, writers there, almost equally absorbed. And we all know the stories of those novelists and poets who have to have music played to them before they can begin to compose their epics of human nature and human beings. It is not alone the savage breast which is soothed. If I were very rich, and remained a writer (a conjunction of events extremely unlikely), I should like to employ a special secretary who could play with the endurance of a pianola. It would not be to "play me in" to work, but rather to recover me from the ravages of composition. Meanwhile, a Promenade Concert, or indeed anything except a highbrow recital by some executant who understands the resources of his instrument better than the hearts and minds of those who have written for it, will do well enough.

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Speaking just now of Sir Hall Caine reminds me that I have handled a copy of "The Master of Man". It seems a long book. I do not know more than one person who has read it, but that is my misfortune. This man has been deeply impressed. He recited the story to me and to several others. An unknown listener, not in the group, but drawn into it by the sheer magnetism of the story that was being unfolded, burst into a great laugh, and said: "For God's sake, what is this

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book you are describing? I must get it at once." No wonder that the English publishers of "The Master of Man" advertise that its sale has already exceeded 85,000 copies. If its whole system of morals is unfamiliar to us, nobody in the world who has any knowledge of such things will deny that Hall Caine has in a great degree the essential faculty of the novelist. He has the root of the matter in him. He can make quite ordinary people want to know more of his story, want to know its end and its development. And the feat of combining and controlling all the intricacies of such a plot as that of the new book is a considerable one.

* * * *

By a strange coincidence Marie Corelli has also chosen this season in which to break her long silence as a novelist. Her book is to be called "The Secret Power: A Romance of the Time". More is not known of it at the time at which I write. Possibly the secret power is that of the Food Controller, with whom Miss Corelli came into conflict during the war (this makes an amusing episode in the little book which Miss Corelli wrote about her war activities), or it may be that in her entertainment of the Australian cricket team Miss Corelli learned the secret which has enabled them to go through an entire tour of England, including five so-called "test-matches", without being defeated. Or of course the title may refer to the quality which makes for the continuing popularity of the work of famous novelists. The last novel by Miss Corelli which I read, however, was highly psychic in its character, and it is more probable that the new book may have some relation to spiritual forces.

* * * *

Judging from conversation alone—that is, the readiness of all people I meet to dilate upon those books—I should say that the two most popular and widely read novels of the moment among the better educated classes in London and the home counties are Miss Macaulay's "Dangerous Ages" and Compton Mackenzie's "Rich Relatives"—everywhere being reviewed as "Rich Relations", which shows how little care readers give to the title-pages of books (snub for publishers who suppose their imprints to be of value). "Dangerous Ages" has been out for some time, and it has percolated to all sorts of strange places. "Rich Relatives" is only recently published. Already, however, it seems as though it were going to repeat the success of the book to which it is in some degree a complement—"Poor Relations". I think I can understand the reason. These books are merry, light, unfatiguing, and thoroughly diverting. They exact no strain of the mind or the emotions. They are written to entertain, and they fulfil their intention admirably. Personally, I have read only three paragraphs of "Rich Relatives", but I laughed at all three. Perhaps I am easily amused, but I do not expect so. And it is a great thing for a novelist of Mr. Mackenzie's genuine talent to wish to amuse his readers. I will name no rivals, but I will admit to liking books which I can enjoy. I expect to enjoy "Rich Relatives" very much.

* * * *

For entertainment, also not unrelated to brains, since the author has brains as acute as any in masculine London (one has now always to make this reservation, since Rebecca West took to irradiating "The New Statesman"), I look to two new books by A. A. Milne. Milne has a new volume of

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essays coming out this autumn; but he also has two novels. One of them is the already mentioned "novelization" of "Mr. Pim Passes By", the other is a real live detective story, called, I think, "The Red House Mystery". I have not read the latter, although it has appeared serially; but I know that it has always been Milne's ambition to write a detective story. So has it been the ambition of everybody who has ever written for publication. The lust for detective stories can never be sated. The great Swinburne himself once ordered a complete collection of the fifty or sixty detective tales of "Dick Donovan", whose books, except that they surveyed the course and detection of crimes, had little else to recommend them. I wonder he never filled the bill himself. Perhaps he did, under a pseudonym? What a ravishing thought! Anyhow, Milne has carried his ambition into effect. He has attained his end. What triumph must reign in the house in Chelsea! The famous "Billy" Milne must have a rival. Its name is "The Red House Mystery". "Billy's" nose will be out of joint. And only naturally.

* * * *

A novel which I am glad to see in the lists is "The Tower of Oblivion", by Oliver Onions. This does not sound either cheering or criminal in character. What a lark if it were both! I am afraid that this is too good to be true. But Onions wrote one of the best "crime" stories I have ever read. I shall never forget the quality of "In Accordance with the Evidence". It was a great book, as strong and as original as many books far more highly celebrated.

* * * *

"Elizabeth" is represented by "Vera", a novel of which the scenes appear to be laid in or near London and the river. This is Lady Russell's first long novel since "Christopher and Columbus", and as it was written for the most part in the mountains of Switzerland and in equally beautiful Italian surroundings, I am hoping it is a happy and vivacious book. It may be thought that I write rather wistfully about happy books. This is not the case. I have always liked this kind; but the truth is, I think it is time I kept from going back and back into the past for my reading. So few really able writers nowadays think it necessary or worth while to write amusing books that I love those who continue to give the pleasure which comes from delightful characters in amusing and delightful circumstances. Nobody does this so well for me as Jane Austen; but if there were a contemporary Jane Austen I would collect her works with the jealousy of the authentic first edition fan.

* * * *

It seems extraordinary that so long after his death Sir W. S. Gilbert's "Story of the Mikado" should be published. "The Mikado" must be nearly forty years old in its original form, and I must admit that I tremble at the prospect of a retelling by the author. So much of the text of the Gilbert libretti is old-fashioned that one fears for the narrative. The lyrics remain unforgetable, of course. Nobody questions their unrivaled quality. But sometimes I fancy we are made to fidget a little by the puns and the antiquated quips of the prose connections between the lyrics. I think of "The Gondoliers" and "The Yeomen of the Guard", I admit, rather than of "The Mikado", and it may be that in this case all the free fun and ingenuity of the opera has been retained. I hope so. "The Mikado" certainly

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represents Gilbert's art at its ripest, just as "The Pirates of Penzance" represents it at its most nonsensical. Some of the other operas, mordant though the wit is, owe more to Sullivan's musical genius. I see by the way that apropos of the revival of "Cox and Box", an opera in which Burnand and Sullivan collaborated, some commentator has suggested that there was more in common between Sullivan and Burnand than between Sullivan and Gilbert. This seems to me to be a horrible suggestion. It will seem so to any unprejudiced person who will examine the text of any book of Burnand's. Anything more dreary and determinedly obsolete it would be hard to find.

* * * *

Sir Sidney Colvin has always been going to write the life of Robert Louis Stevenson. He has never carried out his intention, and I suppose that he now never will do this. He is an old man—he must be over seventy-six—and it seems unlikely that he could endure the labor of executing such a work. This biography has been so much expected that it has almost attained the status of an unwritten classic. All sorts of questions have been put aside "until we have Colvin's 'Life' ". And it seems as though we were not to have it after all. So Stevenson will have to depend upon Graham Balfour's book to the end of time. It was Balfour's book which drew Henley's onslaught. Sir Sidney Colvin now announces a book of reminiscences to be published this season. The publishers say that it was originally planned as a work in several volumes, but that the author's advancing years have led him to restrict his pen to a less ambitious scheme. However long or short, the reminiscences should be interesting, for the author's long life has been spent in the company of many famous men. Stevenson was not the only one of them, although the names of the two have been more often coupled than those of most literary friends. Sir Sidney also knew George Meredith familiarly, and in later years much of his ardent proselytizing spirit has been devoted to the cause of his friend Joseph Conrad.

Sir Sidney has, of course, written much about Keats, and he caused a good deal of indignation some years ago by referring, in certain contributions to the "Times Literary Supplement", to Keats's "under-breeding". The cause of this was that Keats, less farseeing than he might have been in the matter of changes of taste as they affect words, used in an amorous poem the term *squeeze*. The charge of under-breeding was a little pedantic, for it drew attention to the editor's prudishness rather than to Keats's crude use of a word rigidly avoided by the most refined of modern poets. However, there was a breeze (not a squeeze), and Keats remained very much where he had been before. And yet it may be questioned whether a man who took the line Sir Sidney did was quite the ideal biographer for the poet. In dealing with Keats one would like any editor or critic or biographer to be a little less conscious throughout of the "gallipots" and the parentage of his subject, and a little less avuncular in his judgments. One always felt that Sir Sidney would have scolded Keats very severely for his more luscious lines, and indeed for any writing or behavior which was not perfectly in accord with the most decorous good-breeding. I am glad Sir Sidney was not Keats's uncle. It might have been a pity.

The point applies also to the letters of Keats. Sir Sidney published an

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edition of these letters, and designedly excluded from his edition any letters addressed to Fanny Brawne, on the ground that they did the poet no credit. This was absurd, when the editor expressed the hope that his edition of the letters would prove to be the standard edition. One may take any attitude one likes toward the letters to Fanny Brawne (personally I find nothing unhealthy in them, and would rather have the letters themselves than any comment upon them), but to exclude these letters from a so-called standard edition, when the curious could always get them elsewhere, was to behave in the classic manner of the ostrich.

The best thing Sir Sidney ever did was his selection from Landor. It was a service to literature, and his preface is a most interesting and simple contribution to æsthetic criticism. For this piece of work alone he deserves great praise, and his ready encouragement of writers in their difficult times of imperfect self-expression and non-recognition will suffice to secure him a place in our memories and our gratitude. When his reminiscences are published they are bound to contain much that is of value, and it is to be hoped that they will throw new light upon several figures prominent in their own day as well as upon some of those whose distinction increases with the years.

* * * *

No man of our day—leaving aside that monumental Johnsonian, Birkbeck Hill—has known more, I suppose, about the byways of the eighteenth century, than did Austin Dobson. His work was very unobtrusive, but he edited and annotated Goldsmith delightfully, and his own contributions to the essay, as well as to our knowledge of the lesser lights of a fascinating period, are classic in their appeal. Through all his work there was an essential neatness, as one may see in the adroit and exquisite verses which represent his poetical output. To examine a letter of Austin Dobson's, written in his fine script, was to receive a quite genuine delight. So with his corrected proofs. One took up the proofs, and found them peppered with innumerable little ticks. The effect was at first puzzling, until one suddenly recognized that each tick represented a fact checked and confirmed. Then indeed did the heart of any writer who has done such work, or worked in the field of the eighteenth century, go out to Dobson. One may at times have found his interests fine and small rather than profound, but at least what he knew he knew to its last hair's breadth. And when one recalls the havoc some splashy and delightfully preposterous workers in eighteenth century lore have perpetrated, great songs of praise well from the lips at the mere thought of this devoted and charming annalist who was also reliable.

SIMON PURE

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BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

WHEN a new playwright first raises his voice on Broadway all the artisans of the theatre of high and low degree—from Lee Shubert down to the utility boy in Gray's drug store—pause and give ear. It is only a pause. The roar of the play foundries begins again promptly, and by the morning after the first night, the newcomer is usually forgotten. But his salutatory is an event. When the pallid neophyte shows himself possessed of fresh imagination, when he shows himself able to clothe his fancies in language which lives when spoken, yet glows with beauty; when he comes into the theatre full of the vigor of youth and its audacity, prepared to write for the stage as well as he knows how to write—it is a time for great rejoicing.

Sidney Howard in "Swords", a play in verse about the Italy of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, reveals himself as a young writing man with such gifts as these. "Swords" is a play of exuberant fancy; the story shapes itself in the sweep of poetry which is warmed with the true fire, and through the interweaving of robust imagery. It is not surprising, or very serious, that the playwright did not impart to the story quite the literalness and directness which would have sent it smoothly over the footlights. The intentions and promise of a new writer are of more consequence than the fate of his first play; and here we have the promise of a rare skill in theatrical story telling. His intentions were to write a play which, chiefly through the appeal of its beauty, would survive in the hurly burly of Times Square; and those are honorable intentions, and daring ones. He did not achieve a best seller; but he did write a play of beauty. It has the beauty of a rare—if blurred—old Italian tapestry.

It is a tale of love and lust and glittering swords which unfolds itself in this old castle off the coast of Italy. In the castle a glamorous creature, Donna Fiamma, is held as a hostage by the enemies of the Pope. To the peasants of the island Fiamma is a holy woman, for them she is "like the Virgin Mary". Canetto, subtlest and wickedest of all the Pope's enemies, engages on the great adventure of his life: the attempt to gain this ward of the Pope's for his pleasure. That is the story of the play, and it seems straightaway enough. It is difficult to understand how it was so fogged in its presentation. It needed of course the most delicate shading. It was essential that the radiance of holiness be shed about Fiamma; and that should have been done much more ingeniously than it was done. It is not enough for the peasants, in a crowded scene at the very beginning of the play, to whisper among themselves of how Fiamma (whom we have not yet seen) healed the blind boy in the market place, of how she blessed the

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boats of the fishermen and brought them riches. That touch of the unearthly should have tinged every scene; once lost the story is flattened to the level of romantic melodrama, which was not in the least what the playwright meant. Canetto is the wiliest of humans; but he is matching his cunning against the woman of God. If this had been constantly stressed, if we had felt always that all his super-cunning could effect nothing but his own destruction the strange duel would have had its chill. It was not stressed; it was scarcely suggested at all; and the story slipped out of focus, its true values were smudged.

Clare Eames understood all this. Her Fiamma was superb: a woman and a mother with human passions, who yet walked a little apart. The play should have been keyed to her; she could not preserve its balance unaided. And the regrettable thing is that it all seemed to be in the play, needing only the unwavering hand of a producer to unify it and heighten it into stage effectiveness. Certainly there can be no excuse for the confusion of the first two acts which so entirely lacked all semblance of pointing or emphasis that it is doubtful if there were a half dozen people in the theatre who knew what it was all about. And it is incredible that any producer would permit two particularly ungainly supers to come in just before the final curtain and slam down a trap door while the audience is tense and silent watching the door through which the doomed Canetto has just passed. Still it is an extremely exacting job to stage a play of such delicate adjustments, so figuratively told. All credit to Brock Pemberton for trying it.

JOSE RUBEN

In "Swords" he portrays with relish as silky and sly and cunning and wicked a villain as ever wore doublet and hose.

There is in "The Hero" by Gilbert Emery the sort of observation of Americans as they are which is so true that it is almost seditious. Underlying the play—deep down, but there—is a disillusionment that is almost sinister. Yet it is all done in the best of spirits. The author has no message to deliver, no grievance against mankind; but he does have some convictions on what the war did to the country. He takes the best way in the world to make them known in a play: he simply does not mention them at all. Quite pleasantly he gives a picture of a house that is not unhappy and not happy, merely one of the houses on the block, like any household whose breadwinner wears rubbers and muffler to the office.

The black sheep of the family returns to the placid ménage with a ribbon in his lapel, and a stiff leg. He has had a career of glory in the Foreign Legion. He is a hero, and they are proud of him. He has been through the fire and the trenches have purged him. So he thinks and so they think. But Oswald is still the vagabond, the adventurer, the ne'er do

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well. Even while he talks of his regeneration we know it. For him the war was merely one of his adventures. For the Lanes who stayed at home it was "that war in France".

Not a person in the play has been vitally touched by the war, save Marthé whose family was murdered before her eyes in Belgium; and her presence in this family of average Americans merely sharpens the discreet cynicism which gives this disturbing war play its tang. The war pinched the pocketbooks of the Lanes a little, but it left their souls unmolested. Their only feeling about it now is that they are glad it is over. And this play is the first reflection on our stage of the country's second thoughts on the war. No doubt it is the forerunner of other after-war plays and many after-war books. Are these merely to be a record of indifference, sham heroics, and disillusionment? "The Hero" is indeed a disturbing play because it seems so true.

Zoe Akins seems to have no more concern for the sufferings of the people in "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting" than a professor has for the discomfort of a rabbit whose heart action he is demonstrating to the class. It is a hard pitiless play, as concise and dispassionate as a novel by Frank Swinnerton. It is de-sentimentalized: quite in the new manner of writing about ourselves. In its way, also, it is as timely an anecdote from the life about us as "The Hero" itself. The Harlem daddy who goes a-hunting for the Heaven beyond his grasp is a creature of the moment. His quest ends ignominiously, as such quests usually do; but, as Miss Akins presents it, his failure and his wife's unhappiness arouse only an impersonal sympathy: the sort of sympathy we might feel if we read about them in the evening paper. The cold, curt method which she adopts serves the novelist better than it does the playwright. On the stage it has its penalties. We become acquainted only casually with Julian and Edith; and they do not seem in the least the sort who would move down to Greenwich Village and lose their souls. It might well have happened; but it would have been more credible—and more interesting—if the author had been a little more communicative and a little warmer in her attitude. Yet it is a refreshingly mature play, where it might have been very tearful and sweet. When we think of what Rupert Hughes or David Belasco might have wrung from the story, we may be grateful.

"The Easiest Way"—the best title a play ever had—is a good play. It is as good today as it ever was. It has

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Gold" by Eugene O'Neill (Boni and Liveright). The tragedy of the old sea-dog who found a treasure chest which contained only brass and junk. Very different from the other stories about the South Sea isles.

"The Whiteheaded Boy" by Lennox Robinson (Putnam). A delightful evening with the Geoghegan family of Ballycolman. One of the most enjoyable—and one of the most Irish—plays yet to be brought over by the Irish Players.

"Six Short Plays" by John Galsworthy (Scribner). Among them "The Little Man" whom everyone should know.

"The Circle" by W. Somerset Maugham (Doran). A crisp, happily told comedy showing how young lovers profit by the experience of older ones.

"A Bill of Divorcement" by Clemence Dane (Macmillan). An after-math of the war. It takes place in 1933 when a shell shock victim returns to his wife and daughter who had believed him to be incurably insane.

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not begun to "date" at all save possibly where Annie, the negro maid, bursts into tears at the prospect of trying to find another situation. One of the best things about it is that it means nothing. It has no moral. It is one woman's life. Laura Murdock is not a type, she is a woman who happened to get a wrong start, who happened to be weaker than some, who happened to fall in with a man clever enough and rich enough to close every way out save the easy one. She does not have the nerve to tell the truth when her happiness depends on it. She does not have the nerve to commit suicide; so only Montmartre is left to her—now that Rector's is no more.

Seeing this play of a decade ago, in revival, renews regret that there is not some permanent repertoire company in which deserving plays might end their days properly. Plays like "The Great Divide" and "The Witching Hour" and "The Fortune Hunter" should not be condemned to obscure storehouses. Thousands would agree to see each one of them at least once a year. We think we would agree to see "The Easiest Way" once a month.

It is difficult to treat as an equal a man who believes that no woman who wears them rolled down can be chaste, a man who repines because Edison has not invented something to keep the feminine nose perpetually like a marshmallow, a man who (borrowing his own borrowed phrase) is one of the pure to whom all things are indecent. In Cosmo Hamilton's "The Silver Fox" there is such a being. We are not only asked to take him seriously, but are expected to believe that Helen Quilter, a refreshingly unfettered spirit, desires him for a mate. She does desire him and she marries him, after blithely compromising herself into a divorce from the complaisant Quilter. She does it charmingly enough; and the play may be regarded as a rather smartly designed piece of trade goods whose falsity is disguised by the shimmer of good talk.

"The Whiteheaded Boy" by Lennox Robinson, which the Irish Players brought over from Dublin, has only one blemish; and it is not a serious one because it has nothing whatever to do with the play. Somewhere toward the end Denis Geoghegan is likened to Ireland; and this comes as something of a shock. He has not seemed in the least like anything but a good-natured boy who has been almost spoiled by kindness, and who is cleverer than he thought he was. But without the slightest warning he is compared with his native land. Like Ireland he has always been the pride of the family, their pet, their whiteheaded boy. Like Ireland he has been easy-going and sunny-hearted, has been fussed over and humored. What was best for him has been decided in family councils, and the best he has always had, at whatever cost to the

RICHARD BENNETT

This excellent actor was never better than he is in "The Hero" as the Jersey commuter who heroically kept the home fires burning while his brother fought in one of the recent European wars.

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other children. Like Ireland, indeed, he has been given everything he could desire save the one thing he has always desired—his freedom. We might go on and suggest that like Ireland he causes a lot of trouble; but Denis is not like Ireland, and the other Geoghegans are not like Australia or India or South Africa. They are the Geoghegan family of Ballycolman; and the play depicts a night, and a busy one, in their cottage. It simply refuses to be allegorical, and of course the author did not mean it as such. It is too warm and true, too full of the zest of life, too good a play to be tagged as propaganda.

One has always had the impression that Somerset Maugham is a novelist who, now and then, tosses off a play for the fun of it. He has always seemed to turn to the stage for his recreation; and he has found it congenial play; he has always had a good time. His comedies have the flash and whir of a good game of tennis on a sunny day. "The Circle" is as airy and irresponsible as anything he has ever done for the stage, but there is nothing offhand about it. It was written by the author of "The Moon and Sixpence" and "Of Human Bondage", not by the author of "Mrs. Dot" and "Jack Straw". There are times when there is a note of wistfulness in the banter, and that is one of the reasons why it is such excellent banter. Side by side in the play are two love stories, and they are just alike. We see the beginning of one and the end of the other. All for love, Lady Kitty Champion-Cheney, in her youth, threw over husband and position and ran away to the far places. All for love Elizabeth Champion-Cheney is on the point of doing the same thing. Lady Kitty, after thirty years, is not the pale, frail lady of romance whom Elizabeth had expected to see. She is rather a flashy and frivolous poseur with dyed hair and a soul as thickly rouged as her face. The once dashing Lord Porteous is a soggy old chap, very bored, who has trouble with his false teeth. Their life of love—among the outcasts—has robbed them of everything fine. Even the love for which they gaily lost the world has withered long since. They are as yappy with each other as they would be if they were respectably married. Elizabeth, with dismay, realizes what folly it would be to fly away with her penniless lover to his rubber farm in the Federated Malay States. And then she goes right ahead and flies away with him. It is one of those rare plays which does not end, for you, when the final curtain comes down. You enjoy it thoroughly while it is going on; but next morning you like it better still and, curiously enough, for entirely different reasons.

Lawrence Langner describes his "Don Juan" as an English version of Henri Bataille's "L'Homme à la Rose". It might almost be called a smoking car version of it. There are ways and ways of telling a slightly risqué anecdote, and all depends on the telling. Many a wretch, who does not quite have the knack of it, has embarrassed himself and his hostess by trying to tell the delightful one he heard at just the same sort of dinner party the night before. Lawrence Langner lacks the manner. His "Don Juan", robbed of the flickering fantasy and irony which gives "L'Homme à la Rose" its charm, becomes merely naughty and stodgy and occasionally repellent.

The play which Tom Cushing fash-

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ioned from "Blood and Sand" preserves quite successfully much of the color and glitter of the book. The beginning, while Gallardo is nervously preparing for the *corrida*, is especially good. Running through these early scenes there is the flutter and quiver and expectancy of a bright festival day in Spain. But atmosphere alone cannot make a play. Gallardo tumbles from his high place because of his infatuation for Doña Sol; but, in the play, we see them alone together only twice. On the first occasion he makes fervid love to her, and carries her out into the garden "where it is dark". On the second, near the end of the play, he accuses her of wrecking his life. Why their liaison (about which the play was written) is kept so rigorously off the stage is perplexing. It was tantalizing enough, surely, to have a bull fight going on just out of sight.

The pleasantest memory we have of "The Blue Lagoon", a dramatization of H. de Vere Stacpoole's novel, is the death of Paddy. Paddy was as dear an old salt as ever had a way with the children. He had been telling tot stories to the two little castaways for hours and hours and hours. Then he ate the "never-wake-up berries". At once it was plain that he was a stricken man, and presently he began to die. He took a long time about it; he never did anything in a hurry, this old sailorman, but he did it thoroughly. He died a perfectly frightful death, and not a twitch or a kick escaped us. When he finally lay still we leaned back in the chair with a satisfaction that was ghoulish.

THRENODY

By Robert Hillyer

I MADE a slow lament for you, lost magic
Of schoolboy love and dreams in shadowed places,
Where passed in visible parade, the tragic
Desires of vanished gods and women's faces.

On violins beneath long, undisputed
New England orchards sombred by the spirit
Of endless autumn, I awoke the muted
Strings of your lament, but none could hear it,

Except, perhaps, one passerby, who skirted
The upland fields in that avoided spot;
And, marveling at the music in deserted
Orchards, hurried on, and soon forgot.

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MURRAY HILL VIEWS LITERARY AGENTS

NEW YORK, *October*, 1921.

HE nearly scared her to death, the young woman secretary who arose as he entered to receive him. He was such a spectacle as she had never before seen close up, and never in the respectable surroundings of a business office. In effect what is commonly described as an "old bum". His toes were sticking out. He hadn't shaved for perhaps a week. The dilapidated garment which he would have called his coat was several sizes too large for him. He informed the young woman that he had a manuscript which he had called to discuss. It was the office of a "literary agent".

The gentleman dealing in literature asked him the nature of his manuscript. He replied that it was "about feet". "About feet!" "Yes." He had never shown it before, he said; but he had been working at it for more than fifteen years. He tugged at one of the side pockets of his great coat, and produced a huge wad of ancient, ragged, and grimy paper. This proved to be the most extraordinary work of literary intention that this literary agent had ever seen. The singular author must have spent something like a lifetime at it. He had covered most exhaustively the subject of feet. He had ransacked Shakespeare, army orders, a bewildering variety of novels, apparently endless newspapers. He must have spent more hours in a library than ever did Leslie Stephen. And in his consuming passion for the fascinating subject of feet he had been more than utterly ruthless with a penknife. His voluminous manuscript was largely a vast array of clippings pasted up.

He wanted to know, this grotesque apparition, what the cost would be of typing his manuscript. About fifteen dollars was suggested as a reasonable sum for the work. Too much, he said; the manuscript would have to go back to his trunk, where it had been for five years. Well, what did he owe for the trouble he had given? He was told not anything. Oh, yes! he said; he always paid as he went. He put his hand deep down into his trouser pocket and brought forth a pretty corpulent roll of bills, at the same time casting an eye at the clock. He had taken up probably twenty minutes of time, he said, and he wanted to pay for it—people could not be in business for nothing. If nothing could be paid, then have some cigars. He took from that capacious mantle a large handful of cigars, laid them on the table, and made his adieu. There were, said my friend in telling me of this matter, all kinds of cigars you can think of.

The writing "bug" is, indeed, a curious thing. The highly attractive and picturesque character whom I have just endeavored to depict was obviously of the purest type of disinterested student. A much more frequent phenomenon is the simple soul with thoroughly utilitarian motive. There are apparently multitudes of those affecting beings who innocently consider that to write is to have, as I one time heard the matter delightfully put, "a fortune in your fingers". The other day a "literary adviser" to a prominent publishing house received in his morning batch of mail this letter:

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Dear sir:

I found your name in the Curier Journal of Louisville, Ky., and so I thought I would write you and see what you think of the proppotitian I have to offer. I believe I can walk across the United States on my hands and feet in one year starting from the State of N. C. to Sanfransisco, Calif. and never get up only for sleep at night—if you think there's iny thing to it just give me a hearing it can be done and I am fool enough to try it altho its a feat that will be well won if you are not interested give me the address of some magazine that you think would be. I was in the Army seven or eight years and I know what hard ships are I'l make the trip on my hands (and feet) (all fores) for so much and my expenses which will be small During that time.

So thanking you Gentlemen for your trouble I remain Yours Respectfully

This letter was written from a small town in North Carolina. The "proppotitian" set forth presumably was that the house addressed should advance the amount that would be required for expenses by this gentleman during his expedition on all "fores" from N. C. to Calif., together with an additional "so much" in cash payment, and in return have the privilege of reaping the harvest from the publication of his account of the picturesque adventure. Though he does not mention that he is a writer, and possibly he assumed that the publishers would be glad to send along a man equipped with the faculty necessary for covering that minor part of the enterprise. His own highly colorful style, however, to judge from the sample submitted, one might regard as a peculiarly happy style for such a narrative. But this house was a rather conservative one, and so the novel idea had no business interest for the firm.

Written in pencil on paper carrying the letter-head of the American Red Cross, another letter:

From Prv. Peter M. Johnson,
A natural Poet,
Just Back from France.

Sir, As a "natural Poet" I has Wrote thousands of Poems. War and reconstruction-ones. Sir, I am Willing to enter and agrement With You to that end.

Sincerely. Yours

This letter was received, some time ago, by the editor of an American magazine of literary character. The "end" sought to be arrived at by Prv. Johnson is not definitely presented, but the implication is fairly clear that he had expectations that the magazine would proceed to sign up with him as a star contributor.

One of the curious ideas firmly rooted in the minds of a large class of persons strongly tempted to "write" is that they have the fundamental qualities for the purpose but lack the superficial accomplishment needful for taking their material and "whipping it into shape". The following communication to a literary agent is a typical presentation of this fanciful conception of the affair of writing:

Will you kindly pass judgement on the enclosed and put it up in the proper shape for sale. I have a good many ideas but have neither the time to put stories into shape or the vocabulary to make them presentable.

Ho, that handsome word *vocabulary!* It always means something knowing, all right, if you don't know just what. I one time worked (as editor) for a man who owned a trade journal. He would come in with a number of little "editorials" (as he called them) which he had "written out". "Just run your vocabulary over these for the paper," he would say. Like a lawn mower, perhaps. To smarten up a bit the external look of things.

Another curious thing. A great many people untutored in the elementary principles of creative production seem to have a pleasant notion that if you miss your aim in one form of endeavor all you have to do is to take another chance with your product at a different objective. Here are two let-

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ters written to a literary agent which well illustrate this simplicity of thought. One letter refers to the manuscript which it accompanied thus:

If it will not measure up to the technical demands of a short story then perhaps it may be used as a motion play production.

An esoteric thing like the "technical demands" of the performance to which he has applied himself is apparently a little matter which does not concern this writer. Indeed, *technique* is a word which you may often hear pronounced by those innocent of a knowledge of art with somewhat the same inflection employed by "practical" men when they say "theoretical". The other letter is without arrogance; it runs so:

Dear Sir: find enclosed a MS. please let me know what you think of it. If not fit for a Photoplay i would like for you to transfer it to a short story and want you to write it over as if you yourself were going to submit it, i am just a new beginner and if you think that i could ever write i would take training. i have several other MS. trusting that you will take a consious interest.

One aspiring author sends along a worldly word of suggestion to the literary agent. Concerning his manuscript he advises this: "If the women's magazines do not care for it, I should cut out the profanity and try it on the religious periodicals." A lady who has written what at first she describes as a "fairy drama" writes that "when you have read the play with a view to the composition of the music for it I think you will find it is what might be called a slightly heavy light opera". She had been working hard to get it done, "along with another rather heavy piece of work I have undertaken in the last two months, which is a 90,000 word novel". And "at present" she is engaged on "an historical drama", and also a "medieval drama". She concludes: "That is all the drama I have attempted to write. I did not begin to try to write anything until the First of Feb. this year so my experience is not very broad yet." A very conscientious author who seeks expert advice in a minor point writes:

I am enclosing herewith a short story of about 1800 words, entitled "A Scream." Kindly notice on page 5, in the last line, whether I have spelt "mumble peg" (the game boys play with a knife) correctly, and if not please correct. Thanking you.

A person of commendably cautious disposition who is not going to appear over-eager in the eyes of a strange bird such as a literary agent says:

I saw an ad in a magazine about the marketing of short stories, or something to that effect. This is of mild interest to me, so would like more detailed information.

A considerable body of persons in their early seekings to place manuscripts have evidently hit upon the wild notion that the literary agent "stands in", so to say, with all magazine editors—that all they have to do is to get into his good graces, and that then he will, in the political manner, "fix" things. The literary agent, of course, has the drop, so to say, on the novice author only in this: that he has made it his business to know which magazine, or publishing house, is the best bet for this or for that. The literary agent is of service to the author who himself knows something of the ropes in that he relieves the author of the bother of marketing his wares, and frees him for his own business—writing. The literary agent may save a very great deal of time for an author residing a far distance from the publishing centre. So distinguished an author as Max Beerbohm, for instance, residing much of the time in Italy, utilizes the services of a literary agent to negotiate the placing of his work in New York. Also, if you conceive of yourself as a mem-

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ber of the aristocracy of intellect, you may regard it as more compatible with your artistic dignity to leave bargaining over the things of your mind to bargaining men. Or, on the other hand, if you fancy yourself as a pretty shrewd person of business, and have not made a business of peddling manuscripts for years, a literary agent may interpret to you many points outside the range of your experience. But—it is of prime importance that you (if you are in the way of requiring one) select a literary agent with the same particular care that you would select, say, a lawyer. There are lawyers and lawyers, you know.

I *am not* in the least concerned with promoting the business of literary agents; I simply thought that while I was about the matter of presenting some of their experiences I would state their functions, which seem to be somewhat popularly misunderstood. Some literary agents make it a part of their business to criticize and revise manuscripts for a small fee. That it is not the business of publishing houses to give a detailed, or even a general criticism of manuscripts submitted, is certainly a matter very far from being generally understood. It is, I'd say, the exception when a manuscript from an unknown author comes into a publishing house unaccompanied by a letter reading something like this:

> I should be deeply indebted to you if you would write me in the frankest spirit what you think of the book; whether you think it has any merit as a novel, whether it might be edited so that it might be salable, whether there is merit in the conception, whether there is too much or too little dialogue. And you may be as harsh as you like without fear of wounding an aspiring author.

I have never detected any publishing house with a relish for wounding anybody; but I have detected that a letter of criticism from a publisher written in the frankest spirit to an aspiring author is very likely to bring this sort of reply:

> The comment has been made that my book is not a money-maker. I think that is a mistake. It does not fill out the familiar lines of a mushy best-selling romance. But I believe it would have a considerable sale if properly pushed. It took me five years merely to put it *on paper.*

And in the cases where a manuscript is returned with merely a formal note politely stating the decisive fact that the publisher cannot see his way to undertaking its publication, he is apt to receive an indignant retort charging that there was "not a word of criticism" in his communication and declaring that the author "had a right to expect more than that".

As to why a publisher frequently does not care to give a detailed criticism of an unsolicited manuscript, there may be a number of reasons, which seem to be very little comprehended generally. It may be the policy of his house not to do this. I myself think such a policy is wise. For one thing, a publisher's attitude toward a manuscript cannot be that of a disinterested professor of literature; it relates to the business of his house, to the matter of the shaping of his list, to the situation with him at the moment as to the things he happens to stand in need of or not stand in need of, and to divers other considerations which are not purely pertinent to the character of the manuscript; nor are they the affairs of the author. Also such criticism might very likely more confuse an author than help him. For the reason that what one house would tell him might very likely be quite different from what another house would tell him. In which case the perplexed author might very natu-

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rally conclude that both houses were either some kind of liars or fools. And, further, a publisher cannot afford to employ an academic staff whose duties would be to give its time to the constructive criticism of bales of rejected manuscript. All this is not to say that excellent criticism of this nature is not infrequently given gratuitously by the editors of publishing houses to unknown authors of submitted manuscripts. I find it interesting to recall that some of the ablest, most conscientious, and elaborate criticisms of this sort which I have seen were written by Sinclair Lewis in the days when he was employed as a publisher's literary adviser.

Then there is a style of writing a letter declining a manuscript which is so suave and diplomatic that often the recipient is impelled to reply that "to have a manuscript rejected by you is really a pleasure. It is almost as good as having it accepted." It's a gift.

And no harm, surely, in that. In being nice and polite to people. Kind to a fellow creature. That depends! I've seen a number of literary agents who are of the opinion that the thing is too generally much overdone. Here is a letter recently received by an agent:

Though I have *no* time *at all* for writing, I *cannot*, even after all these years of denial, silence the longing!

As I before remarked, had I only *myself* to think of I could decide, but—having my son and being *determined* to give him his chance—what should I do? Dare I hope that ultimately, after not *too* many years I can devote myself to writing and make enough money thereby to care for and educate my boy? Or should I give up the idea and turn every thought and spare moment toward advancement in the teaching profession? It will be a sacrifice—but one I must make if my longing and heart's desire is *only* longing and nothing, or at least not *enough* of *something*, to justify faith and effort.

This manuscript is the most ambitious thing I have yet done, and I have put myself into its writing—that is, I have been utterly absorbed in it—and feel the subject matter deeply. I realize the theme is by no means a popular one, and *that* is, so far, the *only* criticism I have had upon it, and it has been *very well spoken of indeed* by some of those editors that have seen it; for instance—

Please write me freely in regard to it, that is, your opinion of *its possibilities*, and your opinion of *my capabilities* ("latent" if I dare to use the word) *and possibilities, probabilities* rather, for successful literary work.

I *must make—a living* at least—from the first, hence I need all the financial compensation that can be obtained.

Please pardon this diffuse and intimate letter—but I am so alone in the world I have *no* one to tell me frankly and straightforward what I have a right to believe of myself or to help me with an unbiased view of my work and my ability.

The "longing"—there you have it. It is all over the lot, the longing to "write". It is (quite frequently) in some very estimable hearts where it hasn't a ghost of a show to be realized. And a phrase softly turned by a bland editor is often very pathetically interpreted.

God give him wisdom to know when it is the kinder part to be cold, for (when you realize it) it is a fearful game with the destiny of naive souls that he plays, the editor. I quote another letter, one typical of many, to an agent:

You see, I am a poor girl, and not a very strong one physically, and so I can't stenog all the year around, and it happens that I haven't been working over a year—otherwise I should jump at your offer, as I realize that without an agent I'll win success when I am on the verge of the grave, which is too long to wait.

My writing is everything to me. The things other people find in pretty clothes, amusements, sweethearts, marriage, etc., I find in writing.

I took my novel to a publishing house in Boston. They have had it 2 months now. The editor had a long talk with me. He was just lovely. He said I didn't send my stories out enough. He figured out that I must send each story to 25 magazines and if all refuse it then it's no good. I've been sending a story to 4 and then stop. He says they can't come to a decision on my novel, but for me to have patience. He's going to read it himself.

I am enclosing one of the rejection slips I've been receiving from editors. You see it is not stereotyped. It is really a letter. They always hope to see more of my work and they never take any of it.

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Yes; they always hope to see more of your work, but they never take any of it. I know quite how it is: "they" always hoped to see more of my work, for about fifteen years; and now Mr. Farrar, I strongly suspect, wishes I'd let up on him. But I'm notta gonta. In dealing with me, however, I'll credit "them" with this much frank and callous sincerity: I cannot say that, when I called, any of them was "just lovely" to me.

Why such untold multitudes long to write is, I take it, one of the mysteries of human life. But why so very many people are firmly convinced that they can write is not so far to seek. The correspondence of a literary agent strikingly reveals the almost universal prevalence of the assumption that it doesn't take much ability to do better writing than much of that which gets published. "Goodness gracious! Did you read 'The Hum Bee' in last week's 'Saturday Evening Post' by Laura Dayton?" begins a letter very representative of this popular feeling. The writer continues:

> I think it is the silliest story I ever read. There is no plot to that. And the children depicted therein—twelve years old—are absolutely the stiffest, most unnatural creatures I have ever met up with, and yet she sold that story. I read just such a foolish one in "The Ladies' Home Journal"—it was about a girl advising a man about wooing a sweetheart. Why is it that those stories sell?
>
> If you gave me constructive criticism on my story wouldn't "The Saturday Evening Post" take it? They publish worse drivel than that.

Many silly stories are, indeed, bought and published, no one can deny. And notwithstanding the continual assertion of fiction editors that they are forever keenly on the lookout for fresh and original talent, and that nothing gives them so much joy as to find it, stories of intrinsic merit now and then are for long turned down. It requires talent of one sort to "see" a fresh and original story as well as it takes talent of another sort to write one. And even talented editors have been known to take stories of a somewhat novel nature and then fail in the courage to print them. There is, for instance, the case of Mr. Tarkington's story "Cherry", taken on its merits as a waggish farce, a whimsical tale with a consummately polished surface, by Henry Mills Alden, when the author was practically unknown. It lay in his desk for several years, presumably regarded in the light of an unhappy selection—as an editorial *faux pas*, perhaps—until the success of the author's other books (written later) brought it quickly out of its obscurity in manuscript or galley form, and led to its swift publication with a greatly augmented value. Some such incident probably is what kindly speaking editors have in mind when they tell disappointed young authors not to change their stories but to hold them just as they are until they are more successful, when perhaps they can publish them. As to that, if you are successful enough in making some lucky strike, you can (as you have noticed) dig up anything and get it published —for a while.

"There was another 'Hum Bee' story in 'The Saturday Eve. Post'," wrote in a later letter the young lady above referred to. "It was worse than the first." A literary agent will tell you, however, that in general if you really analyze the stories that strike you this way you will find, underlying the silliness, a new idea, or an original twist to the plot, or a fresh incident which makes the story different from others of its kind. And that, according to his experience, it is this bit of originality which turns an otherwise hopeless manuscript into a "salable" story.

An editor to a considerable extent,

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but a literary agent even more so, appears to be regarded by a vast number of striving souls as a sort of Father Confessor. In the simple sincerity of their ambition, and often amid an environment which they feel not to be in sympathy with it, they turn out their hearts in letters to that wise, powerful, and wondrous being who sits at the centre of the world of their desire, and tell about their birth, schooling, marriage, and need of money. I give one of these letters to an agent, which is itself, doubtless, far more of a real story than the author of it will ever write to try to sell:

I will explain my situation to you and will then ask you pointedly if you think it worth the while to try and write stories to sell. I ran away and married very young, barely sixteen, and my marriage was a failure from the very beginning. My husband left for parts unknown, leaving me with two little girls to support the best way I can. At present I am employed in the capacity of a stenographer and earning only a small salary.

I have a great desire to rise over difficulties that have been mine for so long. I want to get out of the rut into which I have fallen, through really no fault of mine.

Writing has always come easily to me. At school themes and compositions were only as child's play to me, while writing letters was a source of amusement. I have just recently attempted to write.

Now I would be glad if you would give me your frank opinion, for I am sure that it would be worth while from one of your experience. I have no money to spend that will not bring results, for in spending any on criticisms it would mean privations from sources such as going without lunch or things of that matter, but I would not mind if it would later mean something that would give me the means of doing something really worth while and would help my children.

Please pardon the airing of domestic sorrows as it were the family clothes line, to be viewed in passing, but I thought if I told you my exact situation you would know better how to advise me.

If you think the story worth while, I will gladly send the amount.

Thanking you for your attention to the matter.

The "story" sent presented no conception at all of the form or construction of a story. It was simply conversation between a man and a woman, the woman calling the man all sorts of "names" because he does not love her.

The novice writer seems to be much more temperamental than the professional writer, and in his relations with literary agents to have ideas of business which are very unbusinesslike. Real writers, the literary agent tells you, make no bones about their bill. The average attitude of the novice writer is that the agent undertakes to offer the manuscript for sale on a commission basis if sold, with no charge if unsuccessful. When, after prolonged efforts with it, the literary agent at length returns to the author of it a manuscript which he has found cannot be placed, making no charge for his time, but sending a small bill to cover the postage he has spent, he is very likely never to hear again from that person, who has probably got "sore". Indeed, I heard of a case where the husband of an amateur writer, a physician in the middle west, angrily wrote an agent that if any more of his nefarious bills were sent he would have the agent arrested. Though I heard, too, of an opulent lady who sent with her manuscript a blank check, signed.

With a world full of people clamoring to have their literary efforts "criticized", literary agents often are inclined to recommend correspondence courses in the short story as a helpful thing for beginners. And they, literary agents, not seldom "get in bad" in that way. As, when a correspondence school has praised a student's story (possibly at some places with a view to encouraging him to take the next course in "advanced story writing") and the literary agent finds he cannot sell it, the student is very apt to think him a "goat".

MURRAY HILL

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LITERARY PORTRAITS: EIGHT

CAPTAIN TRAPROCK

MOST writers are nowadays in the South Seas, preparing their next works on that region; one who has lingered on in New York far from the literary centre and can count Traprock as a friend only since the other day when he arrived trailing clouds of glory from the Filbert Islands, must with great humility set himself to do a literary portrait of the explorer. Yet the gallant fellow is so "come-hither" in manner, so jauntily friendly in his khaki suit and curling black mustache, so ingratiatingly easy with his favorite snakes that you know him well at once. And a lifelong friend of his, Mr. George Chappell, has made it possible to enrich and as it were to authenticate the picture. Traprock and Chappell were classmates in the days when Yale was a simple slap-shoulder college, not faint with culture as at present. Must they not, as boys, have often told each other their dreams of the future? And were these dreams not something alike? There is in Traprock a certain haunting resemblance to Chappell which makes this seem at least possible. Is it too fantastic to guess that when their paths diverged and Chappell settled down to an architect's tamer career in New York, his old pal in far foreign isles did all the things, had all the lovely adventures for which the friend at home at his drawing table had always longed? Indeed are not Traprock's experiences what we have all always longed for? The Filbert Islands seem in his pages an imagined Paradise. And it is to this quality of beauty that the attention of readers of "The Cruise of the Kawa" is called. Wit and satire there are, and to spare. But Traprock and Chappell have both learned that the great secret of being funny is not to be funny all the time.

Harrison Rhodes

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From Howard Pyle's "Book of Pirates".
Courtesy of Harper and Bros.

HIGH LIGHTS IN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

1921

By Annie Carroll Moore

Sing a song of Publishers,
Sing it far and near;
Haven't they done wonders
With such a bad New Year?

From the "Book of Pirates"

They certainly have. If you don't think so take an early sailing for France or England and "have a look around" before Christmas. Take a few American books with you. First and foremost, choose Howard Pyle's "Book of Pirates", for which we owe a debt of gratitude to Merle Johnson, who has brought together these pirate pictures and text, scattered through various books and periodicals. The typography and makeup of this book are a triumph of publishing in hard times and the cost is not prohibitive for public library reading rooms. Associate with Howard Pyle's Pirates, Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs", in a new edition effectively illustrated by N. C. Wyeth, Pyle's most distinguished pupil. This edition bears also on its title-page the names of Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.

Put a paper cover on John Farrar's "Songs for Parents" and paste up the title-page until you get to "Fairy London", then ask Rose Fyleman to give new titles to some of its enchanting verses and to the book itself while she autographs your last year's copy of her "Fairies and Chimneys". If you are in the other London long enough persuade Charles Robinson or his double to illustrate both of these unusual books of verse for children and get them rebound in attractive covers. I will volunteer to draw up a peace

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treaty with the authors and publishers concerned, during Children's Book Week, 1922.

Anna Cogswell Tyler's "Twenty Four Unusual Stories" will be worth its weight in gold on shipboard. Everybody will borrow it to read and make note of it to give away. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch ought to thank his stars that two of his best short stories have been rescued from oblivion and brought into active association with other good stories in a form acceptable to boy and girl readers. The Petershams have illustrated the book with delightful line drawings. Miss Tyler's discriminating selection from a wide range of literary sources is reinforced and enlivened in the arrangement by her dramatic gift as a story teller. The collection takes a new place among books of its kind.

I have not yet read "The Story of Mankind" by Hendrik Van Loon, but I have no hesitation in saying take it along, for I took a copy of his "Ancient Man" to France and left it in the children's library at Soissons as one of the most distinctive and original of the children's books published in America in 1920. There is a long procession of books moving up from lower Fifth Avenue, notable for length, variety, and good workmanship. There are more distinguished books in this procession, but for reading on a ship, and elsewhere, I would take "The Old Tobacco Shop" by William Bowen. It will give pure joy to boys and their fathers. Oliver Herford's "Laughing Tortoise" and "Grasshopper" and his other inimitable illustrations and verses for "Æsop's Fables" deserve to be given the form of a real book instead of the livery of a reader. Paul Bransom's fine illustrations for "The Argosy of Fables", selected by Frederic Taber Cooper, bespeak special consideration for this book, which is to be issued in two editions, both too expensive for most libraries I fear. Since the most original story of last year's books for children, Hugh Lofting's "Dr. Dolittle", will not be published in England until 1922, I would take that—also Rockwell Kent's "Wilderness" with its Blake-like drawings of Alaska, "Tom Brown's School Days" with the Hugh Thomson illustrations, and the charming reprint of the first edition of Dickens's "Christmas Carol", published too late for the holiday reviews last year. Finally, no one should sail for any port without Henry Beston's "City Under the Sea" in "The Firelight Fairy Book".

Fair stood the wind for France
.....
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry.

From the "Book of Pirates"

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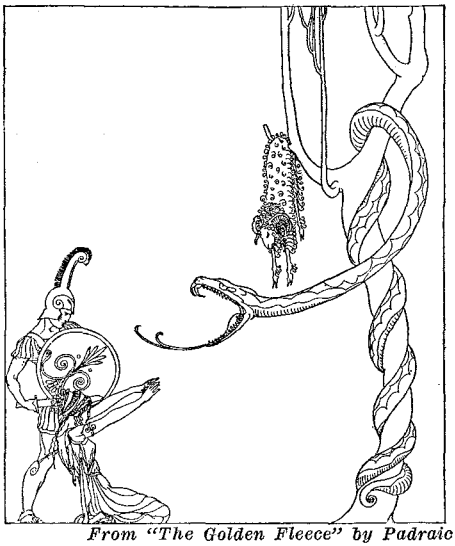
I have long been eager to visit the French publishing houses—to put a living picture behind the imprint on each familiar title-page; but I shall have to confess that although I visited the length of the rue de la Seine, and



From "The Golden Fleece" by Padraic Colum, illustrated by Willy Pogany. Courtesy of The Macmillan Co.

round about, my pictures are all "still life". Not a single French publisher did I see and not a trace of the activities of publishing. Thanks to Madame Fischbacher, to M. Le Texier of Brentano's in Paris, and to other reliable sources of information, I was able to verify and extend certain observations of my own. No new literature for children, poetry or prose, is known to be in the making. It is thirty years and more since the strong group of writers to which Jules Verne belonged made its contribution to books for children and young people. French girls are reading the stories of the Comtesse de Ségur and Madame de Pressensé as their great-grandmothers did before them. Not only is there a dearth of original work in the French language, there is a corresponding lack of spirited translations of English and American children's stories. French publishers are timidly republishing the children's books which they had before the war at four times the price, and are making no apparent resistance to the flood of old commercialized translations in new and attractive covers. These poor translations of mediocre English texts and the hideous red and black and gold prize books, a tradition of the country, stand in the way of the reprinting of many worthy books. The absence of informing lists of books for children and of any literature on the subject of children's reading renders more important and illuminating the free use of books in the libraries recently opened at Soissons and the villages of the Aisne and at the American Library in Paris.

I found no new picture book or distinctive illustrated book in France, and Ernest Eisele of Brentano's foreign department says that he found none. Children's books are being printed very freely in Germany, but I discovered nothing notable in illustrations or text in the careful selection made by Mr. Eisele, which includes some very charming and inexpensive little books printed in Czechoslovakia. Two or three of these books will lend color and interest to any holiday exhibit.

The most notable of post-war European books for children are coming from Italy. Two or three Italian publishers are concerning themselves to an extent indicative of a new era in the publication of children's books. The mere cover design of one—a book of national songs—will furnish thirteen variations of Italian costume. The influence of Dulac and other illustrators is to be seen, but these Italian artists are bringing to their illumina-

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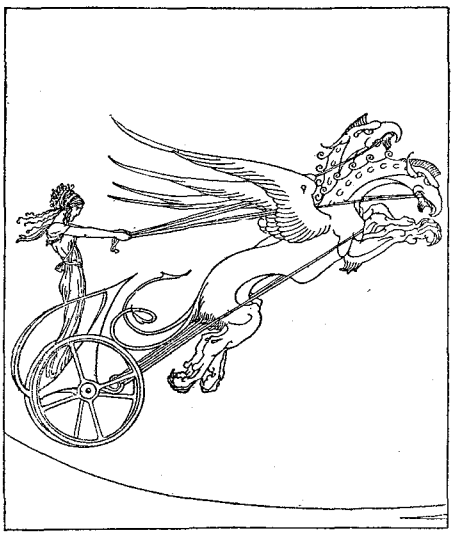
tion of national and popular songs and stories, qualities of childlike imagination, humor, and a freedom from artistic self-consciousness, most stimulating to artists of other countries.

The attitude of the compiler or author of the text is no less refreshing. "Children of Italy", runs the brief dedication to "Cantilene Popolari", "future defenders of the rights and honor of our nation, to you we entrust this little treasure which we have hunted out with patient love and intense joy. Guard it tenderly as if it were a fragment of our sacred flag; love it as you would love a fragrant flower out of an enchanted garden and let your little comrades repeat with you the easy rhymes of the old children's games of our land—games which your fathers and grandfathers and their ancestors played thousands of times and which are a living symbol of Italianity." The songs of this very beautiful collection appear in each instance in the language of the province from which the song has been taken, followed by a version in idiomatic Italian. Marco Montedoro's illustrations are in color.

"Grilli Canterini" (Singing Grasshoppers) is a book of popular songs with pictures by Corrado Sarri. As an Italian picture book for little children it seems to me quite as representative as "Pinocchio" as a story. The pictures are so full of the detail children love as to tell their own story to children of any race. The artist has the gift of a modern unsophisticated touch in an old world atmosphere. Of the two books (there are others worthy of mention), it is the less expensive and will be of more universal interest in children's reading rooms. It is bound in boards covered with a flowered Italian paper. For convenience an American source of supply is noted but the Italian publishers deserve special thanks for giving us such admirable examples of children's book making at this time. If I have given more space to this point than the season warrants, it is because I feel that English as well as American publishers have much to learn from this new movement in Italy.

While in London I had a private view of the black and white drawings for Leslie Brooke's next book of nursery rhymes. The book will not be ready this year, but it will be a joy when it does appear. The children are eagerly asking if I persuaded Mr. Brooke to make another Johnny Crow book.



From "The Golden Fleece"

Beatrix Potter is not writing and illustrating a new book in her Peter Rabbit series, but she told me that she felt as if she had been given two new books herself in "Pierre Lapin" and "Jeannot Lapin", which have been translated by V. Ballon into French and are delighting children in the French-speaking countries, serving

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also as easy French books for English-speaking children.

Francis Bedford has illustrated a new edition of Dickens's "Magic Fishbone". I saw the originals at Mr. Warne's office in Bedford Court and they are in the happiest manner of an artist who will be a welcome Christmas visitor on this side of the Atlantic.

I was also fortunate enough to see the sheets for a beautiful book of letters and unpublished sketches bearing the name of Kate Greenaway. I visited some fifteen publishing houses in London and put living personages behind many names which have long been household words. I found no very notable writing for children in England at this time. I visited Quality Court to ask Philip Allan if we might expect another book from Mr. Tarn whose "Treasure of the Isle of Mist" is greatly loved by girls of the library reading clubs. But Mr. Tarn gives no hope of another fantasy. I learned some intimate details of the composition of "The Three Mulla-Mulgars" from Walter de la Mare and his children. I was also shown Dorothy Lathrop's illustrations for Mr. de la Mare's "Fairy Poems". It promises to be a very lovely book.

I came back too late to do full justice to our own output of children's books, but I consider it most creditable to the authors, artists, and publishers whose books appear at the end of the article. The hastily manufactured cheap series is still in our midst. The vocational story is here, likewise the Americanization story. The "glad" books are receding before a wave of "happiness", which is more trying because more involved. The English language suffers more emotional strain from it. In robbing fairy tales of all their terrors and poetry of all its sadness, we have let loose a new sort of made-to-order story which needs the cleansing wind, wide spaces, and hearty laughter created by Mary Mapes Dodge in her time.

But we have much to be thankful for, since Cornelia Meigs has completed another distinctive story called "The Windy Hill". Katharine Adams has achieved a girl's book of great charm. Her "Midsummer" has the very atmosphere of Sweden and the mystery is remarkably well handled. Harriet Wright has written a small book of plays investing even the stage directions and the reading lists with the interest born of a true desire to share her own love of a good thing in literature with the boys and girls who have already acted these plays.

Rolt-Wheeler must have written night and day for he has several books. The favorite among boys will be his "Book of Cowboys". His "Romance History of America" will be watched for with interest. William Heyliger has done a sincere piece of work with "High Benton, Worker", but he has not told so good a story as he did in "High Benton". "Cedric the Forester" by Bernard Marshall is written in somewhat stilted style, but the idea of freedom is admirably brought out and the historical period represented is one for which little story writing has been done. If Charles Boardman Hawes's "The Great Quest" is as good as "The Mutineers" of last year, it will be a distinct addition to stories of the sea.

Pyle, Howard. Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates. Compiled by Merle Johnson. Harper and Bros.

Porter, Jane. Scottish Chiefs. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Smith. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Farrar, John. Songs for Parents. Yale University Press.
Fyleman, Rose. Fairies and Chimneys. George H. Doran Company.
Tyler, Anna C. Twenty Four Unusual Stories. Illustrated by Maud and Mishka Petersham. Harcourt, Brace and Co.
Van Loon, Hendrik. The Story of Mankind. Boni and Liveright.
Bowen, William. The Old Tobacco Shop. Illustrated by Reginald Birch. The Macmillan Co.
Herford, Oliver. The Herford Æsop. Ginn and Co.
Bransom, Paul. The Argosy of Fables. Selected by F. T. Cooper. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Lofting, Hugh. The Story of Dr. Dolittle. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Kent, Rockwell. Wilderness. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Hughes, Thomas. Tom Brown's School Days. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. LeRoy Phillips.
Dickens, Charles. The Christmas Carol. The Atlantic Monthly Press.
Beston, Henry. The Firelight Fairy Book. The Atlantic Monthly Press.
Oddone, Elizabette. Cantilene Popolari. Disegni di Marco Montedoro. Brentano's.
Pagani, Gina. Grilli Canterini con illustrazioni di Corrado Sarri. Brentano's.
Potter, Beatrix. Pierre Lapin; Jeannot Lapin. Traduit par V. Ballon. Frederick Warne and Co.
Dickens, Charles. The Magic Fishbone. Illustrated by Francis Bedford. Frederick Warne and Co.
Tarn, William Woodthrope. The Treasure of the Isle of Mist. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
De la Mare, Walter. The Three Mulla-Mulgars. Alfred A. Knopf.
De la Mare, Walter. Fairy Poems. Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. Henry Holt and Co.
Meigs, Cornelia. The Windy Hill. The Macmillan Co.
Adams, Katharine. Midsummer. The Macmillan Co.
Wright, Harriet. New Plays from Old Tales. The Macmillan Co.
Rolt-Wheeler, Francis. The Book of Cowboys. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.
Rolt-Wheeler, Francis. Romance History of America. George H. Doran Company.
Heyliger, William. High Benton, Worker. D. Appleton and Co.
Marshall, Bernard. Cedric the Forester. D. Appleton and Co.
Hawes, Charles Boardman. The Great Quest. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Jessie B. Rittenhouse

AUGUST, taken as a whole, was an off month in poetry—but there was "Johnny Appleseed"! If ever a picturesque shade simply cried out for his historian, it was "Johnny Appleseed" calling to Vachel Lindsay from the orchards of heaven, for Johnny Appleseed simply would not lend himself to any other treatment. Having said this, one recalls that Edgar Lee Masters paid tribute to Johnny in a brief but charming poem. It did not attempt, however, the office of the chronicler, an office which suits so admirably the art of Vachel Lindsay.

Everyone knows the story of "Johnny Appleseed", the vagrant with the vision, who went ahead of civilization planting orchards in the wilderness and pushing on as soon as he saw his inheritor overtake him. It is a great theme, at once romantic and social, the combination which Vachel Lindsay needs to bring his gifts into full play. It is not a theme, however, which would give him the creative opportunity of "The Congo", nor could the poem stand in a final appraisal with that work, but this is rather a limitation of subject than of treatment, both being handled according to their possibilities. Johnny Appleseed is in a sense an epic figure, he belongs with the eternal and elemental things:

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the forerunner and the prophet, preparing the way for man, and so preparing the way for that vast unfoldment of life which America has known. It is in this broad sense that Vachel Lindsay conceives him and makes him live. As the poem would exceed our space, we quote the second movement and part of the third.

For lyric quality which remains lovely and unerring, there is Sara Teasdale's group of songs in "Scribner's" of which we give the last, and Fannie Stearns Gifford's poem in "The Atlantic", "Sometimes We Hardly Wanted You", another testimony to the value of "The Ancient Beautiful Things". Of the newer magazines, one turns to "The Measure" and notes what strides it has made and what a live little organ it is. The policy of choosing a different editor every three months commends itself for its variety, each editor's personality dominating his respective issues. For August, it was still edited by Padraic Colum, who is sensitive to poetry as only so true a poet can be. The field of the small magazine is largely one of discovery and this is what makes it important and interesting. "The Measure" opens with the first poems by Hans Trausil which we have seen in English, though he has written some exquisite lyrics in his native tongue of which we have a lively memory, as well as a poetic drama published last year and translated by Leonora Speyer. There is a quiet, thoughtful beauty to the group by Mr. Trausil, of which we quote the first two poems "The Land Turtle" and "The Tree".

Marguerite Wilkinson is also in "The Measure" with two songs, "Sleep" and "Waking", adagio and allegro, of which the second vibrates with color and is altogether delightful; and Jean Starr Untermeyer is there, with a motor poem, "Blue Book —Route 121", which is refreshing as the first tang of autumn and reminds us of our adopted New England where we can look out at any moment and see

> Obliging cows, arranging themselves in pleasing groups
> Over the stone sprinkled meadows.

Mrs. Untermeyer has an eye for the picturesque in the commonplace—or rather the knowledge that there is no commonplace.

Of the other magazines, "The New Republic" for August 24th has a full page of poems signed by the well-known names of Conrad Aiken, Sara Teasdale, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Viola Meynell, and Elinor Wylie—and one would be at pains to find less representative specimens of any of them. Viola Meynell in "A Girl Adoring", touching the old but unexhausted theme of the physically near and the spiritually remote, turns what should be ineffable into the absurdly concrete in such lines as

> Her eyes are dry, he does not know
> He sails with Noah on the endless flood.

Where, at this juncture, was the hovering shade of Francis Thompson? "Nonchalance" by Elinor Wylie, while cryptic and conscious, is saved by the magic of

> Beaded with bubbles silver-cold.

Mrs. Wylie is so well worth watching in her growing art, her thoughtful, sharply chiseled work has so distinctive a quality, that one is sorry to see it marred at times by a straining for the unusual when the familiar would be more effective. In "The New Republic" for August 17th she has a much finer poem, "Cold Blooded Creatures", a lyric which will repay one for braving the title.

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IN PRAISE OF JOHNNY APPLESEED

II. THE INDIANS WORSHIP HIM, BUT HE HURRIES ON

Painted kings in the midst of the clearings
Heard him asking his friends the eagles
To guard each planted seed and seedling.
Then he was a god, to the red man's dreaming;
Then the chiefs brought treasures grotesque and fair,—
Magical trinkets and pipes and guns,
Beads and furs from their medicine-lair,—
Stuck holy feathers in his hair,
Hailed him with austere delight.
The orchard god was their guest through the night.

While the late snow blew from bleak Lake Erie,
Scourging rock and river and reed,
All night long they made great medicine
For Jonathan Chapman,
Johnny Appleseed,
Johnny Appleseed;
And as though his heart were a wind-blown wheat-sheaf,
As though his heart were a new-built nest,
As though their heaven house were his breast,
In swept the snow-birds singing glory.
And I hear his bird heart beat its story,
Hear yet how the ghost of the forest shivers,
Hear yet the cry of the gray, old orchards,
Dim and decaying by the rivers,
And the timid wings of the bird-ghosts beating,
And the ghosts of the tom-toms beating, beating.

But he left their wigwams and their love.
By the hour of dawn he was proud and stark,
Kissed the Indian babes with a sigh,
Went forth to live on roots and bark,
Sleep in the trees, while the years howled by.
Calling the catamounts by name,
And buffalo bulls no hand could tame,
Slaying never a living creature,
Joining the birds in every game,
With the gorgeous turkey gobblers mocking,
With the lean-necked eagles boxing and shouting;
Sticking their feathers in his hair,—
Turkey feathers,
Eagle feathers,—
Trading hearts with the whole young earth,
Swept on winged and wonder-crested,
Bare-armed, barefooted, and bare-breasted.

The maples, shedding their spinning seeds,
Called to his appleseeds in the ground,
Vast chestnut-trees, with their butterfly nations,
Called to his seeds without a sound.
And the chipmunk turned a somersault,
And the foxes danced the Virginia reel;
Hawthorne and crab-thorn bent, rain-wet,
And dropped their flowers in his night-black hair;
And the soft fawns stopped for his perorations;
And his black eyes shone through the forest-gleam,
And he plunged young hands into new-turned earth,
And prayed dear orchard boughs into birth;
And he ran with the rabbit and slept with the stream.
And so for us he made great medicine,
And so for us he made great medicine,
In the days of President Washington.

III. JOHNNY APPLESEED'S OLD AGE

Long, long after,
When settlers put up beam and rafter,
They asked of the birds: "Who gave this fruit?
Who watched this fence till the seeds took root?
Who gave these boughs?" They asked the sky,
And there was no reply.
But the robin might have said,
"To the farthest West he has followed the sun,
His life and his empire just begun."

Self-scourged, like a monk, with a throne for wages,
Stripped like the iron-souled Hindu sages,
Draped like a statue, in strings like a scarecrow,
His helmet-hat an old tin pan,
But worn in the love of the heart of man,
More sane than the helm of Tamerlane,
Hairy Ainu, wild man of Borneo, Robinson Crusoe—Johnny Appleseed;
And the robin might have said,
"Sowing, he goes to the far, new West,
With the apple, the sun of his burning breast—
The apple allied to the thorn,
Child of the rose."

Washington buried in Virginia,
Jackson buried in Tennessee,
Young Lincoln, dreaming in Illinois,
And Johnny Appleseed, priestly and free,
Knotted and gnarled, past seventy years,
Still planted on in the woods alone.
Ohio and young Indiana—
These were his wide altar-stone,
Where still he burnt out flesh and bone.

Twenty days ahead of the Indian, twenty years ahead of the white man,
At last the Indian overtook him, at last the Indian hurried past him;
At last the white man overtook him, at last the white man hurried past him;

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Each month* THE BOOKMAN *will select a group of poems from the American periodicals. These will be submitted to a prominent poet or critic who will choose from them "The Poems of the Month", though he will be free to add any others he may prefer. Jessie B. Rittenhouse will act as arbiter for December. The complete list of poems selected will be found in the Gossip Shop.*

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At last his own trees overtook him, at last his
own trees hurried past him.
. . . . . .
Then
The sun was their turned-up barrel,
Out of which their apples rolled,
Down the repeated terraces,
Thumping across the gold,
A presence in each apple that touched the for-
est mold,
A ballot-box in each apple,
A state capital in each apple,
Great high schools, great colleges,
All America in each apple,
Each red, rich, round, and bouncing moon
That touched the forest mold.
. . . . . .
In the four-poster bed Johnny Appleseed built,
Autumn rains were the curtains, autumn leaves
were the quilt.
He laid him down sweetly, and slept through
the night,
Like a bump on a log, like a stone washed
white,
There by the doors of old Fort Wayne.

Vachel Lindsay
—*The Century*

THE LAND TURTLE

I am the seer in the cool earth,
I am the listener in grey fields,
Stones and plants are known to me;
I am a hermit in a hard cell,
In my cloister all sound is hushed.

I do not hear the wind among the stars,
I listen to a blowing under earth;
I have eaten dust,
I am snake and vulture,
I am dragon and Sphynx,
I am a witch full of hate.

Man, disturb not my loneliness,
Full of magic am I and soothsaying.
Are you full of silences
To tell the runes on my house,
These scars of roots and rocks?

I murmur unto you, passing one
Who walk in light, my deep wisdom:
That which is Light, will some day be Dark-
ness,
The things in Darkness will some day be in
Light;
Blossoms will fall to dust,
Out of dust blossoms will grow;
In humbleness you shall bend low:
Flowers slumber in roots,
Rocks shall bear fruit.

Hans Trausil
—*The Measure*

THE TREE

I, the homeless one on the far plain,
Am the home of God, of birds and winds;
I am he who is wrapped in shadow,
I am the breaker of the storms from the north,
I am the solitary,
I am the silent one in the falling snow,
I am dusk, evening and night.
My trunk is an old myth,
My leaves are murmuring legends;
Men with rapt faces look up at me:
Lovers, poets and beggars.
Stars are my blossoms and fruit,
I am holy, I am eternal:
God sings in me, birds and winds.

Hans Trausil
—*The Measure*

'SOMETIMES WE HARDLY WANTED YOU'

Sometimes we hardly wanted you,
Our days together were so rare:
Hill-tops, brook-hollows, and the blue
Castles of windless sunny air;
Camp-fires by certain secret springs,
Green trails that only we could trace—
Love made us misers of these things.
And you, still wandering in space,
Little and lone and undiscerned—
We did not know we needed you.

Strange!—For your bright warm self is burned
Into our hearts, till all that blue
Of morning, and pearl-mist of night,
Wind, water, sun,—those secret ways,—
Mean You; our youth and lovely light,
Our laughter and our length of days!

Fannie Stearns Gifford
—*The Atlantic Monthly*

THOSE WHO LOVE

Those who love the most
Do not talk of their love;
Francesca, Guenevere,
Dierdre, Iseult, Heloise
In the fragrant gardens of heaven
Are silent, or speak, if at all,
Of fragile, inconsequent things.

And a woman I used to know
Who loved one man from her youth,
Against the strength of the fates
Fighting in lonely pride,
Never spoke of this thing,
But hearing his name by chance,
A light would pass over her face.

Sara Teasdale
—*Scribner's Magazine*

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Dos Passos

ANDREWS, Chrisfield, Fuselli! Three doughboys,—and when the hurricane of praise and blame has cleared from about their heads, they will stand out as three of the most vivid characters in modern fiction. "Spineless", one reviewer calls them; certainly not heroes, but human, tragic, pitiful, lovable—the clay of youth, relentlessly molded by the progress of war. A more powerful study of young America has never been written. "Three Soldiers" (Doran) is a good story, too, filled with dramatic incident and memorable characters; and in spite of the fact that the picture John Dos Passos draws is one-sided, there is an undercurrent of fine idealism in the book, of understanding and of pity, too. It is not, I think, a book for women. It is thoroughly masculine. If you and I do not share Mr. Dos Passos's attitude toward war and life, still his first novel must be read if we would understand the thing that has happened to the younger generation! It is useless to hold up our hands and say: "We do not like it." We cannot ostrich; for it is here! I should like to know what you think of this book; for putting aside whatever personal qualms we may have about its attitude, I cannot see how we can fail to realize that a new writer of power and worth is among us.

Uncensored Nineties

E. T. RAYMOND'S style has the stab and the flair of his imitators combined with a carefully measured judgment and a tolerance that give his work a permanence which the momentary popularity of anonymity cannot hope to achieve. "Portraits of the Nineties" (Scribner) is a good book on many counts. Yet it was Raymond's persistent estimate of "greatness" that most fascinated me. Of Cecil Rhodes he writes:

> But when all is said the man who possessed such a faith and wrote it in characters of such sprawling bigness belongs to that small company of Englishmen who have really earned the often too lightly conceded adjective, "great".

Of Randolph Churchill:

> Nobody is more quickly forgotten than a living politician who has ceased to count, and when the end came it was with an almost ridiculous sense of remoteness that the average member of the public read the inevitable homilies on Lord Randolph's strange and sad career. He had written his name in water and builded his house on the sands.

As usual I am bewildered by English titles. That, however, is not the fault of the author. Particularly, I like the portraits of John Morley and Thomas Hardy and the kindly piece on General Booth.

An English Miss Lulu

IN "Ten Hours" (Harcourt) Constance I. Smith, a young English writer, has attempted to crowd the temptations, the emotions, the development of a lifetime, into a period of less than half a day. For the most part, she has succeeded. This short novel, sparsely written, beautifully constructed, is very nearly as tense as Swinnerton's "Nocturne" and as penetrating as Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett". Celia and Gwennie, the one facing a pallid future, the other just

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waking to life, form a contrast that Miss Smith has used to create a situation of remarkable tensity and drama. What an extraordinary play this would make!

Chinese Gongs

Ah, they were great poets, Golden Bells.
They never sang a poor song, Golden Bells,
that they might wear a fine coat.

IT is always easy for the somewhat clever to ridicule the beautiful. Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo" (Century) will be denied by some. It has given me one of the most delightful afternoons I have spent in months. The highly colored, romantic story of young Marco's love for delicate Golden Bells, daughter of the great Kubla Khan, as told by an old Scotchman, is as sensitive, as lyrical, as finely imagined as most poetry, nor is there excellent writing alone in this little masterpiece: there is humor, revelation, pathos, and the background of the story shows the result of painstaking research. It is refreshing to come upon a delicate thing like this, it is encouraging to find a note of real feeling for the romantic and the beautiful. Mr. Byrne has the sense of rhythm to a high degree. His adjectives are sonorous and his prose has something of the languorous beat of a Keats sonnet. What a luxurious background he has chosen: the fire and swords of Venice, the gongs and deserts of the Far East, and the canny mysticism of the Scot! Listen to this:

> And so they set forth with their great train of red, snarling camels and little patient donkeys and slender, nervous horses toward the rising sun. Behind them the green hills of Palestine died out as a rainbow dies out, and now there was sand before them and now bleak mountains, and by day the wind was swift and hot and by night it was black and cold. And moons were born and died....
>
> And they passed ruined Babel, that was built of Nimrod, the first king of the world, and now is desolation. They passed it on a waning moon. And out of the ruins the dragons came and hissed at them, and strange, obscene birds flapped their wings in the air and cawed and pecked at them, and over the desert the satyr called unto her mate.

Writers and Readers of Verse

MRS. WILKINSON will not be insulted, I think, if I call her "New Voices" (new and enlarged edition, Macmillan) a primer of verse. It is far more than that, but I know of no book which gives so clearly to the layman an understanding of the worst and the best in poetry. By patient analysis and the selection of poems quoted, she is able to show surprisingly well the difference between the goats and the angels whose pasturage is Parnassus. If everyone who writes had to read this book there would be less of a harvest of unbearable rhymes. For students of poetics it is invaluable. Again, with Mr. Untermeyer's anthologies and Mr. Van Doren's book on the novel, I recommend it heartily for the school and the literary club.

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

POOR OLD MARRIAGE

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ALTHOUGH not one of the first I was certainly one of the most enthusiastic readers of Charles Norris's "Salt"—I sat up until five in the morning to finish it, stung into alertness by the booming repetition of his title phrase at the beginning of each section. In the dawn I wrote him an excited letter of praise. To me it was utterly new. I had never read Zola or Frank Norris or Dreiser—in fact the realism which now walks Fifth Avenue was then hiding dismally in Tenth Street basements. No one of my English professors in college ever suggested to his class that books were being written in America. Poor souls, they were as ignorant as I—possibly more so. But since then Brigadier General Mencken has marshaled the critics in aquiescent column of squads for the campaign against Philistia.

In the glow of this crusade I read "Brass" and suffered a distinct disappointment. Although it is a more difficult form than "Salt" and is just as well, perhaps more gracefully, constructed, the parallel marriages are by no means so deftly handled as the ones in Arnold Bennett's "Whom God Hath Joined". It is a cold book throughout and it left me unmoved. Mr. Norris has an inexhaustible theme and he elaborates on it intelligently and painstakingly—but, it seems to me, without passion and without pain. There is not a line in it that compares with Griffith Adams's broken cry of emotion, "Why, I love you my girl, better than any other God damned person in the world!"

There was a fine delicacy in Frank Norris's work which does not exist in his brother's. Frank Norris had his realistic tricks—in "McTeague" for instance where the pictures are almost invariably given authenticity by an appeal to the sense of smell or of hearing rather than by the commoner form of word painting—but he seldom strengthens his dose from smelling salts to emetics. "Brass" on the contrary becomes at times merely the shocker—the harrowing description of Leila's feet could only be redeemed by a little humor, of which none is forthcoming. Early in the book one finds the following sentence:

> He inflated his chest...pounding with shut fists the hard surface of his breast, alternately digging his finger-tips into the firm flesh about the nipples.

Here he has missed his mark entirely. I gather from the context that he has intended to express the tremendous virility of his hero in the early morning. Not questioning the accuracy of the details in themselves it is none the less obvious that he has chosen entirely the *wrong* details. He has given a glimpse not into Philip's virility but into the Bronx zoo.

Save for the pseudo-Shavian discussion on marriage near the end Mr. Norris manages to avoid propaganda and panacea. Some of the scenes are excellent—Philip's first courtship, his reunion with Marjorie after their first separation, his final meeting with her. Marjorie and Philip's mother are the best characters in the book, despite the care wasted on Mrs. Grotenberg. Leila is too much a series of tricks—

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she is not in a class with Rissie in "Salt".

Had this novel appeared three years ago it would have seemed more important than it does at present. It is a decent, competent, serious piece of work—but excite me it simply doesn't. A novel interests me on one of two counts: either it is something entirely new and fresh and profoundly felt, as, for instance, "The Red Badge of Courage" or "Salt", or else it is a tour de force by a man of exceptional talent, a Mark Twain or a Tarkington. A great book is both these things—"Brass", I regret to say, is neither.

Brass, A Novel of Marriage. By Charles G. Norris. E. P. Dutton and Co.

TABLOID DRAMA

By Sidney Howard

CERTAINLY there is no criticism so satisfactory to write as that of an anthology of plays. It accords the critic the privilege of revamping the original without any of the cruel labor of proportionate selection. Can it be, he says, that such a gem as "Deirdre's Dug-out" is omitted when "——", not to speak of "——", is included? And the anthologist cringes.

Though I confess to an irrational dislike of the one act play as a form and to a red-blooded prejudice against any little theatre, here is a book and an anthology with which I have no quarrel. It has unquestioned value. The list of fifty authors is catholic in extent and varied in style and affords the usual opportunities for comparisons between techniques. The gathering of so many short plays within the scope of a single volume saves time and room. The plays are followed by what seems to me an excellent and inclusive bibliography.

Many old friends are here: the erotic bully, von Hofmannsthal, Schnitzler and Maeterlinck making imaginary faces at one another, Wedekind with "The Tenor", a group of familiar Englishmen, the priceless Lady Gregory, Giacosa, Andreyev (little better than he should be), and Chekhov with his masterly miniature, "The Boor". Very few members of the League of Nations suffer from the discrimination of the anthologists and the balance of power is tactfully and overwhelmingly assigned to the dramatists of God's Country.

Two absentees are to be noted. There is no specimen of the sonorous vacuum of Lord Dunsany's art and none of Shaw's admirable one act dissertations has been included. Dunsany is small loss and Shaw, among other one act dramatists, is out of the picture. The volume does admirably, should be a happy hunting ground of little theatre managers and an amateurs' El Dorado.

From the introduction (by Mr. Loving) I cull one phrase, "a younger generation of dramatists, which is achieving its most notable work outside the beaten path of popular recognition, in small dramatic juntos and in the little theatres". This is the description accorded by the book to the American group whose plays it publishes. One wonders. I am inclined to fall back, for the moment, upon Brander Matthews's old distinction between the short story and the story which is merely short. Perhaps that is my quarrel with the one act play, that it has the same limitations as the short story, the situation which begins in the middle, develops no character, and ends too soon with a punch in the last line. Art demands leisure, dra-

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matic art no less than any other. Three hours is none too long. Thirty minutes is wretchedly scant. Of all the "notable work" achieved "outside the beaten path of popular recognition" and herein reproduced, one play seems to me to emerge: "Ile" by Eugene O'Neill. I should have liked that better as a "Saturday Evening Post" story than as a one act play. Plays which are short, like Wilde's "Salome" and Shaw's "The Man of Destiny", in which the episode developed takes account of the characters concerned, are very different things from these over-concise trifles and horrors, which seem so easy to write and so little worth the writing.

The introduction closes with a conventional picture of a new theatre, "perfectly equipped, plastic and infinitely adaptable", in which Arthur Hopkins, John Williams, Winthrop Ames, Sam Hume, and George Cram Cook are to be allowed to run riot. The picture has charm and there would be no doubt of the riot.

Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays. Edited by Frank Shay and Pierre Loving. Stewart and Kidd Co.

ACHIEVING THE BALLOT

By Alice Rohe

IT is inevitable, though illogical, that Inez Haynes Irwin's "The Story of the Woman's Party" should arouse criticism of the very historical quality which the writer has succeeded, conscientiously, in giving the book. There should be no mistake about just what Mrs. Irwin's book stands for. "The Story of the Woman's Party" is exactly what the title implies—a history of the activities of a phase of the suffrage movement in the United States which brought to a final victory eight years of spectacularly purposeful combativeness for the federal amendment to enfranchise women. To view the work, with its enthusiastic rush of colorful detail and incident, in any other light would be to miss its historical significance.

Mrs. Irwin's story of the strenuous and vital rôle played by the Woman's Party in this enfranchisement is told in a volume of 476 pages, yet the spirit of sympathy in the narration leads one to believe that the chronicler could have written, easily, another volume on a subject so dear to her heart.

It would be difficult to conceive of Mrs. Irwin writing dispassionately upon any subject, and yet before the mass of facts and dates and incidents, a less responsive spirit might have lost the thrill of narration. The novelist's art for accentuating human interest values, the unusual, the spectacular—the eager onrush from statistics to riotous happenings—has given to "The Story of the Woman's Party" an appeal extending far beyond mere believers in "The Cause". Moreover, the novelist's art has made her work not simply the history of events but of living human beings, with one vivid figure dominating the whole.

In Alice Paul, founder of the Woman's Party, the writer has a heroine whose accomplishments and experiences offer all the elements of romance, danger, obstacles overcome, and achievements. In describing the frail-looking young leader, a "Tanagra carved from alabaster", she notes the "coincidence that the woman who bore the greatest single part in the Suffrage fight at the beginning—Susan B. Anthony—and the woman who bore the greatest single part at the end—Alice Paul—were both Quakers". Minor figures crowd about this leader

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in the sweeping rush toward the goal, all directed by Alice Paul's "abiding instinct for pageantry and for telling picturesqueness of demonstration".

With no indifferent pen Mrs. Irwin pictures the suffrage procession directed by Alice Paul in Washington, March 3, 1913; the march on the Capitol the following year, the eventful cross-continent automobile trip of Sara Bard Field and Frances Joliffe carrying resolutions passed by the Convention of Women Voters in San Francisco, calling the Sixty-fourth Congress to vote for the Susan B. Anthony amendment; Lucy Burns's flight over Seattle scattering leaflets; the Inez Milholland memorial; the sensational picketing of the White House; the Watchfires of Freedom; the horrors of imprisonment.

Through the detailed political phases of the fight for the Susan B. Anthony amendment to the Constitution, generaled by the astute "political mindedness" of Alice Paul, Mrs. Irwin has splashed in glowing purple, gold, and white these visualizations of the meaning of the struggle. The entire book is written as by an intimate participator. But one realizes that beneath the personal and specific phases of the struggle there runs a broader and deeper comprehension of what the whole thing is about. As a keen observer of human life Inez Haynes Irwin has chosen incidents which illustrate the deeper significance of evolutionary changes in social conditions. Although seemingly caught in the surge of enthusiasm she is able to stand off and view the situation with the understanding of one who has studied women in England, France, and Italy, as well as at home, during those revealing years of war when the needs of man called woman from behind the artificial barriers of her traditional sphere.

And transcending every other quality in the book is the writer's appreciation of youth. As in her works of fiction Mrs. Irwin's understanding of youth is a vital inspiration. To her the story of the Woman's Party is the spirit of youth breathed into the struggle for woman's enfranchisement. She paints the eager fingers of youth snatching the torch of freedom for women from less impulsive hands, plunging on fearlessly and spectacularly toward victory.

In those chapters dealing with the picketing of the White House, the Watchfires of Freedom, the imprisonment of pickets, the spirit of participation burns especially high. This may be partly due to a fact not printed in "The Story of the Woman's Party": it was Inez Haynes Irwin, fresh from the scenes of California's labor agitations, who suggested to Alice Paul picketing the White House as a means of associating President Wilson constantly in the public mind with the demand for woman's enfranchisement.

One reads between the lines that had Mrs. Irwin been in America during those strenuous days, instead of in Europe, she would probably have been with the pickets in jail. Her writing of "The Story of the Woman's Party" is her tribute to the cause.

There is a subtly satirical thread running through the book which may be called the education of President Wilson. And yet Mrs. Irwin points out that the seeming relentless attacks upon the President were the results of Alice Paul's general policy—to hold the party in power responsible.

In the surprising amount of detail the names of individual workers and pickets occur constantly; yet the book is dedicated: "To the in-

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spired, devoted, untiring, and self-sacrificing members of the Woman's Party, and in especial to those whose work cannot for lack of space be mentioned here or whose efforts may never even in the future be properly appreciated."

The Story of the Woman's Party. By Inez Haynes Irwin. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

IN PRAISE OF HEROES

By Fillmore Hyde

MR. Clutton-Brock has undertaken in "Essays on Books" to make public the complimentary opinions he holds of a selected dozen of the world's better known authors. He has pushed forward into the most holy alcove of the Hall of Fame, and there chattered confidingly, knowingly, intimately of Shakespeare, William Morris, Dickens, Swinburne, Donne, the Brontës, Dostoevsky, Keats, Butler, Turgenev, and Solovyov. He is always glad, he says, of a "chance to praise great men".

No form of literature is more difficult to compose than the laudatory essay; it requires a skilful hand, a hand which can convey immensity by a fillip of the little finger, and it requires a voice which can warble unceasingly and at the proper moment make the air quiver with a shout. Mr. Clutton-Brock, alas! has not these requirements. He lacks the self-restraint that would qualify him to write studies in superlatives; and when he yields to his love of praising, instead of joining in the chorus of his pæan, we turn guiltily and mutely aside, moaning that there is no ordinance that will keep the feet of authors on the ground. "Essays on Books" is a publication that would bring comfort and solace to the relatives of everybody mentioned in it. It is not egotistical, it is not meretricious, it is not insincere; it is not duller or more trite than other books in which observations of the most general and abstract nature upon art and works of art are strung together by a plethora of *buts* and *fors*.

We are aware that a great number of persons approve of those critics who, at will, can assume an astral form, penetrate the auras of dead writers, and inspect their subconscious cogitations. In the following we think Mr. Clutton-Brock says that Dostoevsky was interested in human nature:

> His object in his novels is to reveal the soul, not to pass any judgments upon men nor to tell us how they fare in this world; and this object makes his peculiar method. He does not try to show us souls free from their bodies or from circumstance, for to do that would be contrary to his own experience and his own faith. Rather he shows them tormented and mistranslated, even to themselves, but in such a way that we see the reality beyond the torments and the mistranslations. . . . His characters behave intolerably, so that we know we should hate them in real life. But, as we read, we do not hate them, for we recognize ourselves—not indeed in their words and behaviour, but in what they reveal through these. They have an extreme frankness which may be in the Russian character but which is also part of Dostoevsky's method, for the characters of other Russian novelists are not so frank as his. He makes them talk and act so as to reveal themselves, and for no other purpose whatever. Yet they reveal themselves unconsciously, and their frankness, though surprising, is not incredible.

The excerpt is a fair example of Mr. Clutton-Brock's manner of writing. What he says is true: possibly it is too true. When he says of Dickens, "His pity is wiser than common sense"; of Swinburne, "His music was the answer of his spirit to the universe, of a reality in him to a reality outside him"; of Charlotte Brontë, "It was the contrast between her real life and what she desired that made her art": there will be few voices

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raised to contradict him. His remarks are for the most part irrefutable. If he were to say that Shakespeare was of all ages, the best we could do would be to reply that Shakespeare was an hundred per cent Elizabethan, and be just as right as he.

There is nothing wrong with Mr. Clutton-Brock's opinions; they are orthodox through and through. In his preface he himself states his belief that his opinions are common. And such being the case he should have delivered them shortly, and not wrapped them in an almost impenetrable swathing of abstract subtilties and intuitions. From an excess of zeal, and from a weird and acrobatic skill in imputing hair-splitting conceptions to dead artists who more than half the time tried only to do well, he has succeeded in surrounding his heroes with an absurd mysteriousness. The book is an example of the high-flying, complicated, intuitive criticism, which, upon analysis, can be resolved into nothing more formidable than a series of tritenesses.

Essays on Books. By A. Clutton-Brock. E. P. Dutton and Co.

FORWARD PASS!

By James Gould

WRITTEN by an army officer who was once one of the game's greatest players, and is now one of its most successful coaches, this book, a combination of the Harvard and West Point schools, is presented in the crisp style of the army drill regulations. In fact, the Field Service Regulations on combat are quoted to illustrate the basic similarity of football and battle, and the analogy is carried on throughout the volume.

Major Daly in his introduction says it is his intention to write for the coach, the player, and the football public. It is probably only to the first two, however, that his book will carry any great message, since discussion throughout is technical. Although much of the subject matter is generally known, some of the ideas introduced will be of interest to all who follow the game. The suggestion to line men to study at close hand the methods of boxers and wrestlers, is a valuable and perhaps a novel one. When the author says that the objective of coaching is first position play and then team work, he speaks words of wisdom which many coaches would do well to heed. Too many of them reverse the order.

The chapter on kicking is an interesting one; in classing the kicking attack as a great offensive weapon, Major Daly assumes a position with which the majority of students will agree. The breaks of the game, he says, are developed through its skilful use, provided the teams are otherwise evenly matched; and as it is the breaks which usually win at least the final games, his position is fortified. It is interesting, for instance, to one not familiar with football statistics, to note that in Harvard-Yale games and in Army-Navy games, the number of kicks on each side ranges from thirty to fifty.

Chapters on organization, offense and defense, position play, and drill, interspersed with diagrams of standard formations, compose the one hundred and seventy pages of the book, which, with the exception of an occasional repetition, is well written. It is a reliable guide and a sound contribution to the rapidly growing list of books on the great American game.

American Football. By Charles D. Daly. Harper and Bros.

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AGAIN THE SOUTH SEAS

WHITE SHADOWS IN MYSTIC ISLES

By Sydney Greenbie

FREDERICK O'BRIEN and I have been playing hide-and-seek with each other for some sixty thousand miles round the Pacific, yet I did not track him down till he came to New York again last spring. Though his range has far outdistanced mine, we had roamed alternately through the South Seas, had both visited almost the identical spots in New Zealand and Australia. He was in Manila when I passed through and I in Japan when he flitted by; and to add to the unconscious game, he is a steady visitor to the Ranch of Good Intentions, Jack London's 1,500 acre studio, where I too have sought and found some of the happiest moments of my life.

Naturally, I feel closely related to O'Brien. Reading his books is to me like going over the grounds of some rich experiences of a happy youth. When I visited the Valley of the Moon I felt that same closeness to some of Jack London's best. Charmian London has written me: "Say, WASN'T it splendid to have 'Mystic Isles' done here? I have just got my copy from Century Company. It almost seems as if I'd written it myself, so familiar am I with its every turn of expression." And so Sanoma has one more moon to add to its refulgence in "Mystic Isles".

Still they say the world is growing smaller. It seems to me the reverse is true. We are constantly discovering new worlds, and none has done so more than Frederick O'Brien. He has given us almost an entire new world and so magnified it, brought it so close to us, that we can look at it as though it were in our very hands. It is hard to believe that it is real. The truth is always hard to believe. Especially hard is it for us to believe that this new world is better than ours and that ours is not so valuable an antique as it has been cracked up to be. Much scorn is whispered round about in our iron-girded chambers of civilization against the reverence of the Noble Savage. We hate to see ourselves compared with primitive people—they show up so much better. Truth to tell, the noble savage is not all that even O'Brien says he is. He is human. O'Brien makes him almost divine, and what is worse, we are nearly convinced that O'Brien is right. And he is right, for he is a master artist. He even takes a derelict of a Russian philosopher and makes us love and pity him. The things he makes us laugh at and the things he makes us scorn are things never to be forgotten.

Will anyone ever forget the struggles of the Nature Man on the pier at San Francisco to stow himself away on the "Noa-Noa" bound for Tahiti? Or the suicide of Leung Kai Chu, the Chinese man of letters "who had departed from the centuried custom of his pundit caste" only to be "denied the door by these inferior nations of the West"? Will anyone ever forget the fish strike instigated by Kelly the I. W. W., or the "Battle of Limes and Coal and Potatoes" on the pier at Papeete? Have studies in civilization by our best men of letters ever given us a richer, deeper, more exquisite gem than the walk of O'Brien with Fragrance of the Jasmine to the falls of Fautaua? Dante's journey to Paradise is not more disappointing than when Fragrance of the Jasmine suddenly remembers:

> "I dine and dance tonight at eight o'clock," she said. *"A rohi!* We must go! Besides; Maru, it would be too cold without blankets. The mercury here goes to sixty of your thermometer."

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But I am afraid that unconsciously, O'Brien has had before him the contrasting of two unlike things. In all his portraits of native women there is the firm, vigorous stroke of the master. Neither Lovaina that ponderous hostess, nor Noanoa Tiare, the princess whose name means Fragrance of the Jasmine, could be handled more gallantly in a land that knows of women only as a sex to be played with. The ascetics will excommunicate O'Brien for dwelling upon sex as much as he does, but before the courts of sacred decency there never was a more wholesome handling of womanhood than that of O'Brien's treatment of Lovaina and Noanoa Tiare. My only objection is that he has not given us as vivid pictures of the men of Tahiti. Not the rifraf that trickles out of civilization because it floats upon its surface, alien to decency, but the true native. O'Brien seems concerned with the great, shocking problem of the relations of white men to native women and the consequent degeneration of woman. He is in earnest. He does not scold, but he scalds. No wonder he has been sued by Lying Bill—but only a South Sea court would ever have granted the suit. In a court where judgment is going to be passed on the underlying condemnation of these ravages of white men—there none would ever win a cent. But I wish that O'Brien had turned his powerful pen a little more upon the native men. Surely there must be men in the tropics who will not have their women debauched. Surely chivalry and decency may be found down there too. Fragrance of the Jasmine seems to feel they can be, as O'Brien tell us:

"Those are our real men, not the Papeete dolts," she said.

Perhaps in his third book Frederick O'Brien will tell us something about them. "Mystic Isles" seems to me a much finer piece of work than even "White Shadows". It does not seem to have been tampered with. If that is the O'Brien way, what may we not expect from the third volume already announced!

White Shadows in the South Seas. By Frederick O'Brien. The Century Co.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

By Hector MacQuarrie

ON the whole, I am at a loss to decide whether Captain Walter E. Traprock is a damn liar, a funny liar, a full liar, a whimsical liar, a tongue-in-the-cheeked liar, or a passionate devotee of Truth. I think he's an intoxicated devotee of Truth.

As one of the nuts, (I presume Traprock's symbolism of the trees showering nuts upon heads unprotected by the *taa-taa*, points to those of us who have dropped into South Sea literature lately), I bow my head, saying sternly, "Traprock, that night on the verandah of the Tiare Hotel, fresh from your voyage of amazing discovery, you spoke words of Truth; your book is even truer; give me another drink of *hoopa* and I'll say it's the truest piece of South Sea literature ever written. Even will I agree to forget your exciting mixture of bad and good jokes, your funny grammar and reckless punctuation, remembering only the Truth."

After reading "The Cruise of the Kawa" I am more than ever convinced that Truth is a point on a hypothetical circle, upon which in succession appear plain unvarnished lying, romantic fiction, the drama, grand opera, musical comedy, travel books, and Truth again. Making a mighty rush around this circle, plunging his way

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through the lot, Traprock, with *hoopa* bowl in hand, collapsed at the feet of Truth. And with Herodotus, Rabelais, Xenophon, Cicero, Shakespeare, Hall Caine (I put them together because H. C. suspects he's a reincarnation of S.), Boswell, Macaulay, Jack London, Mr. Tully (who wrote "The Bird of Paradise") and Freddy O'Brien, I sing the old song, "We're all liars; every one of us are bally liars—". I want to meet Traprock again; that night on the verandah of the Tiare Hotel, he was drunk and unfit; now that fame has come upon him, to meet him would be like greeting the actual cow that gives the actual milk one enjoys so much in New York. There she is, quietly chewing her cud with humorous twist, somewhere in the maze of a million fields, convinced of her splendid isolation; there is old Traprock, somewhere in the maze of the Forties, chewing the leaves of a dozen South Sea books, and offering us *hoopa* if we can only find him.

And yet (here I defy bathos in striking a serious note) it is Truth. It is true that palpable exaggeration sets in the moment the writing disease develops in the mind of the traveler. In a word, it's true that much of the delightful information given in South Sea books from the days of London to our own is little short of sweet sentimental rubbish dished out to convince those who must stay at home that their preconceived ideas about the Southern Isles are not unlike the reality. It is true that a suspicion of this is rising in the public mind; it is happily true that the public is willing to laugh; and it's fortunate that the public has found in Walter E. Traprock so hilarious a leader.

For the rest, "The Cruise of the Kawa" will, I suspect, prove a joy to many; with more careful literary craftsmanship, with perhaps a little more sustained plot, it might have joined "Alice" and a few others on the bookshelf of classics for grown up children, instead of merely enjoying the brilliant flare of a season, which it undoubtedly will enjoy.

The Cruise of the Kawa. By Walter E. Traprock. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MILITARY STRATEGY

By René E. DeR. Hoyle
Major, United States Army

AS its title indicates, Captain Frothingham's history is intended as a guide for those interested in the World War, its strategy and military problems. The book well justifies its title.

In order to perfect his guide and get authentic data at this early date, the author has studied the official bulletins of the different governments, often brought out under pressure of public opinion, and has had access to important official documents in the War Department. By checking these reports one against another, and by avoiding evasive, distorted, and obscured reports of unofficial nature and those of war correspondents, military critics, and the like, he has given a general perspective of the war, presenting in their proper order the great military events, the strategic situations and grand tactics, with now and then a résumé of data which clearly pictures the situation as it existed at a particular date.

The fact that most military operations were of necessity stopped at the end of each year (when the weather made it impracticable to carry out large operations) is seized upon by the author for summing up events. He describes the military situation at

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the beginning of each year in clear, readable, and non-technical terms, thereby enabling the layman to understand the events of that particular year, and preparing him for the events to follow.

Captain Frothingham, in his introduction, admits the impracticability of writing a full and complete history of the war, with the endless accumulation of evidence that this would entail, so short a time after the termination of hostilities. "At the present time a detailed history is out of the question, but it is now possible to write a narrative that is complete, in the sense of giving a reliable synopsis of the strategy and grand tactics of the whole war." In carrying out this program, he has given a framework of events, expressed simply and clearly, which is valuable both to the military man as a ready reference book, and to the interested citizen as a satisfying picture of the war as a whole. The necessity for a book of this nature is felt by all who have attempted to study the great operation of the World War.

To the citizen it supplies a satisfactory narrative. He will not be bored by this history, because technicalities are not indulged in, nor will he be lost in tactical situations or in an endeavor to follow the operations of small units. He will, however, be able to grasp the reason for the strategical moves, and their results. He will feel when he is through that he knows something about our army and navy. And above all, as a voter, he will appreciate the necessity for a General Staff and other complete functioning units, trained in the art of fighting and strategy. This is necessary in order to give our country the protection it must have in the future.

To students, particularly those taking courses in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at our universities, it supplies a very satisfactory text. Where from thirty-five to forty hours of recitation periods can be allotted to the World War, the thirty-seven chapters and appendix, containing a table of dates and the maps of all campaigns, permit the assigning of lessons that are excellent. Many universities are using the volume as a text at the present time.

The book opens with a discussion of events leading to the declaration of war, and of the great German General Staff and its military plan. This is followed by short, clear, well-written chapters giving the military events first on the western front, and then on the eastern, each offensive being handled separately and completely. The timely introduction of a chapter now and then describing new military situations at the end of important offensives or years greatly assists in clearing up doubtful points and adds to the historic and narrative value.

The war on the sea is given in two chapters, with a review of the Battle of Jutland in the appendix. The latter, one of most complete and interesting chapters in the book, illuminates many heretofore hazy points concerning the one great action of fleets during the war.

As you read the book you cannot help wondering why aircraft has not been mentioned more frequently. However, in chapter XXII, on the War in the Air, Frothingham states that although it was prophesied that aircraft would be a determining factor in the war, the prophecy was not fulfilled. Changes in the art of war were necessary, camouflage had to be resorted to, but in the end neither side was able to drive the other from the air and get a superiority that influ-

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enced the results obtained by the fighting on the ground. It was predicted that "these eyes in the air" would prevent surprise attacks, but the author shows the fallacy of such predictions.

The airplane and the torpedo plane may have a great influence in future wars, but the most ardent advocates of the value of aircraft cannot disprove the truisms in this chapter concerning the results obtained by the use of airplanes, Zeppelins, etc., during the World War.

An admirable arrangement is that of the topographic and sketch maps in colors, which can be unfolded and kept in view during the reading of the chapters to which they refer. A handy table of dates and a bibliography complete the book.

On the whole this history is most satisfying, being an unbiased, clearly written narrative in which our part in the war is shown without boasting or undue credit. In reading it either military student or layman will find his time well spent.

A Guide to the Military History of the World War, 1914-1918. By Captain Thomas G. Frothingham, U.S.R. Little, Brown and Co.

VERMILION TOWERS

By John Dos Passos

MY desires have gone a-hunting.
They circle through the fields and sniff along the hedges
like hounds that have lost the scent.

Outside, behind the white swirling patterns of coal smoke,
hunched fruit-trees slide by
slowly pirouetting,
and poplars and aspens on tiptoe
peer over each other's shoulders
at the long black rattling train;
colts sniff and fling their heels in air
across the rusty meadows,
and the sun now and then
looks with vague interest through the clouds
at the blonde harvest mottled with poppies,
and the Joseph's cloak of fields, neatly sewn together with hedges,
that hides the grisly skeleton
of the elemental earth.

My mad desires have gone a-hunting.
They circle through the fields and sniff along the hedges
like hounds that have lost the scent.

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RECENT FICTION IN BRIEF REVIEW

FOUR hundred and fifty-eight pages! Yet, speaking truly, that is about the only fault there is to be found with it. Maud Diver's new novel, "Far to Seek" (Houghton Mifflin), is a work of extraordinary strength and feeling. Her stage, varying between England and the far-flung Indian colonies, is peopled by characters, powerfully human and satisfyingly authentic. Attention and favor are intrigued, at first, by the author's fine diction; then by the subtle composite of sympathy and irony that go into development of individuals; then by the sweep and range of Maud Diver's narrative powers. Swimming past the three hundred page mark, one yearns inevitably for some condensation on the part of the author: some condensation that would not force the reader through the four hundred *et demi*, in their entirety—for force him, the narrative does! In the skill and intensity of her story, Maud Diver compels and retains unflagging attention.

It takes Lydia, the heroine of E. M. Delafield's new novel "The Heel of Achilles" (Macmillan), nearly a lifetime to learn that real love consists not in personal sacrifice with an eye to grateful recognition, but in the sacrifice, unbearable as it may seem, of allowing loved ones to venture forth to make their own mistakes which bring suffering but at the same time wisdom. The characters, real enough, lack vitality, though the Sealyham terrier and its owner, Lydia's grandfather, are both distinct individualists of considerable personal humor. The book drags somewhat at the end, but it is competently written and always readable.

At last, a mystery story without padding. If writers of detective stories would study these two tales by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran) and thus discover how much "stuff" could be eliminated to advantage, we might begin to get mystery stories that are really mysterious, and detective stories in which the detective gets something done. In "Sight Unseen" a neighborhood club that dabbles in every subject under the sun decides to test the work of a spiritualist. The medium comes to the club meeting and during her trance describes a murder taking place next door. With the fewest possible words Mrs. Rinehart develops this startling discovery into a detective story that holds and thrills the reader. In "Confession" we find all the unexpectedness that characterizes "The Bat". What next? is scarcely thought of before it happens, and the discovery of the murderer is a startling climax. The book has few words but much reading.

Typically western—that description of a novel means but one thing to American readers. Rustlers, duels, armed raids, thrilling rides in the face of danger, gambling, and more shooting all rolled together into a sequence that eventually brings the charming girl from the east into the arms of the maligned but rigidly honest hero. In "Laramie Holds the Range" (Scribner) the hero carries out the title and gets Kate Doubleday in the usual manner. The glaring difference between

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this western story and most of the others is Frank H. Spearman's ability to write.

God gave Knut Hamsun brains and a soul. He himself supplied the diligence. From the time he could carry a pail of water he has worked. He believes in it not only for his own sake but for that of others. Four years ago he wrote his epic of work, "Growth of the Soil". Twenty-eight years ago, after having gone through what but few men could stand, he wrote his "Shallow Soil" (Knopf) in which he holds up to everlasting scorn a clique of poets who not only do not work themselves but take a haughty and supercilious view of those who do. Moreover, these literary representatives of the human family publicly pat each other on the back to the end that the mediocre may buy their books and regard them as great lights. All of this takes place in Christiania, but it is not thinkable that Hamsun meant to give merely a local picture. His mind never works locally; he has seen too much of the world. If this story were read generally, and it is a very entertaining one, and taken to heart, it would tend to clear the atmosphere in labor unions and authors' clubs.

In "Orphan Dinah" (Macmillan) Eden Phillpotts has returned to the realistic portrayal of Dartmoor and its humble village folk for which he has long been known, but without the gloomy drabness which usually characterizes this sort of realism and by which many of his earlier novels were permeated. A spirit of kindliness and of faith in human nature, in spite of its failings, and a dry sense of humor dominate the mood of this well-written tale of everyday problems and marryings and matchmakings in a very human and very English country community. The interest lies rather in characterization than in event. It centres around Orphan Dinah, the girl who really "says what she means", and faces the facts of life with remarkably daring frankness and consistency, even to the point of following ideas of religion and marriage in conflict with the laws of England, the Church, and her neighbors. This philosophical manner and the casual development of the story make it interesting and entertaining reading for all those who prefer the simplicity of real people to the thrill of the bizarre.

A thrilling tale of the Oregon mountains is "The Strength of the Pines" by Edison Marshall (Little, Brown). The hero is bound hand and foot and left in the place where a grizzly bear killed a calf. The bear, returning to eat the calf, is about to eat the man when the heroine appears and saves her future husband. There are descriptions of the hero's friends the wood birds, "good old roughnecks" as he calls them, and of animals in their native haunts.

The title of "Low Ceilings" by W. Douglas Newton (Appleton) symbolizes stuffy convention, against which Beatrice Harbour rebels by marrying Hugh Bernard who, being a composer of popular songs, is regarded as quite impossible by her parents and brothers. The novel, while of no special importance, is superior to most of the current crop by virtue of grace of style and more convincing characterization. The author is a young Englishman who accompanied the Prince of Wales on his recent visit to this country and acted as official chronicler of the tour.

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One is not necessarily a prude who disapproves of the heroine of "Beauty —and Mary Blair" by Ethel M. Kelley (Houghton Mifflin). This worldly-wise young person's gushing, slangy, up-to-the-minute narrative is upsetting, to say the least. From a questionable family background—in which "philandering" parents and a "pro-Soviet" sister figure—Mary emerges as a seeker after some vague good which she designates "beauty". Her quest ends in the discovery that life is merely one rotten thing after another.

Margaret Widdemer's "The Year of Delight" (Harcourt, Brace) is like summer—light and pleasant, suggestive of sun and pretty colors and drinks with much sugar in them. Romance is deftly inserted into the story—in fact a plot is constructed from practically nothing at all, just as you begin to tire of the rather commonplace beginning. After which you enjoy scanning inconsequently for a while the doings of the house party of which Gloria, not Delight, is the pungent essence. Delight is skim-milk beside Gloria, and we should like to see the latter's character developed further. Julian is an unconquerable prig and we care little whether he is sold or not sold by his Edna and wish Delight joy of him after she gets him. It is a relief to turn away from their enforced honeymoon to the thought of what Gloria's will be like.

Three persons confess to the murder of Raymond Hamilton, among them his wife and her lover who are proved innocent but anxious to marry. There is the relief from tenseness by occasional wit at the expense of one "so thin that he could sit on a dime and ye'd still be able to read 'In God We Trust' ". Octavus Roy Cohen has written in "Six Seconds of Darkness" (Dodd, Mead) another stirring tale.

H. L. Mencken says that the only original contribution to literature made in America is the smutty story; but it is usually accepted that the clean and wholesome story is the most outstanding American product. Of this type is "Quin" by Alice Hegan Rice (Century). It is a pleasant tale in Mrs. Rice's most cheerful manner, a prettily moving picture with lovable characters. Quin is the kind of man who is held up as the model of American manhood in every high school commencement address; nevertheless we like him.

One critic described "The Pilgrim of a Smile" by Norman Davey (Doran) as the most sophisticated book written in late years. Hardly that. But still it is quite sufficiently so, and something more than entertaining reading. Matthew Sumner asks the Sphinx why she smiles, and the answer is a series of episodes illuminating the contradictions, absurdities, and tragedies of *La Comédie Humaine.* Sincerity may not be essential in a book, but one is apt to miss it, and not even considerable cleverness makes up for the lack. However, the sophisticated will doubtless find the contents to their taste.

Those indoor-complexioned folks who hunch over a book and take their adventures vicariously will revel in B. M. Bower's "Cow-Country" (Little, Brown). The hero, Bud Birnie, even in his cradle, was referred to as a "man-child". His exhibitions of masculine virility began with the killing of a rattlesnake at the age of four, and continued in a crescendo of effectiveness to the natural end of a hero's life history in romance—his marriage.

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All the ingredients of the successful western story are here: the prairie schooner, the Indians (bad ones), the ranch, the cowboys, the desperate gamblers and cutthroats, the beautiful women as brave and unafraid as the hero—and that is saying something.

"The House by the River" by A. P. Herbert (Knopf) is written with a technical mastery of the narrative art, combined with a gift of vivid character portrayal and a searching psychological insight. There is something about the book that reminds one of the Russian realists; there is the same vein of tragedy, the same severe and uncompromising outlook toward life. The story is that of a crime and its concealment, and of the festering spot in the heart of an honored man. In spite of the tenseness of the central theme, the novel is illumined here and there with a humorous passage, and is embodied in an easy and limpid style that is delightful.

An ingeniously constructed yarn, with the reader led astray by numerous false clues, is "The Crimson Blotter" (McBride) by Isabel Ostrander. It is above the average of the current detective fiction and exciting enough to be read through at a sitting.

"These Young Rebels" (Appleton) is like a dish of pink ice cream: it melts away before you have fairly tasted it. Beginning with a conservative rich uncle and five young Greenwich Villagey nephews and nieces, Frances R. Sterrett might have developed situations and fun, or scenes and passion. But that would have disturbed the amiable flavor of the smoothly trickling-away story. So the uncle is not rigidly conservative; nor are the nephews and nieces quite triumphantly youthful. Pretty faces, kindly emotions, pleasant incidents are sketched in; and when the favorite niece marries the tale drifts off into mutual amicability.

"The Wrong Twin" (Doubleday, Page) is not so good a story from any point of view as Harry Leon Wilson's earlier "Ruggles of Red Gap" or "Bunker Bean". Perhaps we have a prejudice against stories of the converted radical; if so it is a just one, for every radical we have known has been obstinately unconvertible. And we are a little tired, anyway, of that kind of story. Mr. Wilson has great skill, however, if he does not rise to any heights; he tells his tale well, and has a sense of humor.

"A Thing Apart" by Lucy Stone Terrill (Bobbs-Merrill) takes its title from, "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'Tis woman's whole existence." But there is little of the Byronic flavor about this story—its men philander, it is true, but seemingly only to appreciate more comprehensively the love of "true" women. "A Thing Apart" is a thoroughly wholesome American love story. This may damn it in the eyes of some—but its heroine wouldn't want to be liked by any who were not palpably and even ostentatiously wholesome. So there you are!

The realist wave has touched shallow waters. Charles Caldwell Dobie, in his "Broken to the Plow" (Harper), an uneven story of love and finance, gives here and there passages of undeniable interest. His washerwoman says "damn" quite competently; nor does his hero count it untoward to offer his cigarette case to a lady. Flashes of life are to be found in parts

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of the dialogue, which is at times touched with real vigor and spice. Conceding the above, however, little is left to rejoice over in the volume: the plot is trite, the characters, except for the hero, but half revealed; and the narrative itself limps along with a heavy, leaden step. Were it not for the glimpses of real people saying real things that are caught at rare intervals, one would appraise this as an ultra-mediocre novel.

A corking yarn which makes no pretense of being anything else is "The Man in the Dark" (Dutton). Albert Payson Terhune has succeeded in endowing an action story with real people instead of the all too usual type characters. The story itself is ingenious and holds the attention until the last whistle has blown—and even for a little while after that. It makes excellent reading not only for the T. B. M. but also for the Fagged and Weary Æsthete. Many of us are getting just a wee mite tired of the autobiographical, introspective, neurotic, and erotic novel that seems to be the fashion at present. Undeniably that sort of thing has its place, too. It helps to show us the significance of everyday happenings. But a steady diet of it leads one to the conclusion that if Romance isn't dead, she is at least suffering from anæmia. It is a relief to come upon a book that confines itself to the physical rather than to the mental. And it is certainly most refreshing to find a novel that boasts an honest-to-Gosh hero and heroine for its central figures.

If it's a rainy evening and you don't feel like going out to the movies, yet want just such a diversion, "The Wolf of Purple Canyon" by Charles Kenmore Ulrich (McCann) will do as a perfect substitute. For it contains all the thrills. There are bandits and revolvers, thrilling rescues following narrow escapes, dangerous characters and ones with real strength. Briefly the plot centres around a man who is regenerated through the love of a girl who has faith in him and who calls him a "man among men". She is quite a human person in spite of her going to the Purple Canyon, for at one time she regrets that she discarded her powder puff before leaving New York.

An American author, boastfully hunting for the psychology of pre-war Russia, plants himself in a conservatory of love affairs cultivated by idling persons of wealth. The heavy scent of this garden is taken to be Russia. There is an occasional suggestion of a surrounding hedge of proletarian dissatisfaction but the mental state of the masses is disregarded. Of course, the American joins the love-making many, but "Red Flowers" (Boni and Liveright) by Francis Haffkine Snow is not a bouquet of wildly amorous adventures. Most of the specimens are pink.

Grace Livingston Hill's "The Tryst" (Lippincott) can be read by all members of the family, as her publishers testify. For while there is plenty of mystery, youth, and beauty, and even a murder and a dying criminal's confession, there is nothing in this volume to stir the pulses of a censor. There is more than a dash of religion in the book but it has a definite note of sincerity. The heroine names a new village Joyville, which almost makes her a rival of the heroine of the Glad books.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in September in the public libraries in the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Galusha the Magnificent	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
2. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
3. Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
5. Alice Adams	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Flaming Forest	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. Alice Adams	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
3. The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
4. Galusha the Magnificent	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
5. Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
3. Alice Adams	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
4. Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
5. Growth of the Soil	*Knut Hamsun*	KNOPF
6. The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
3. Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
4. Growth of the Soil	*Knut Hamsun*	KNOPF
5. The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
6. Helen of the Old House	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON

WESTERN STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
3. Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF
4. Growth of the Soil	*Knut Hamsun*	KNOPF
5. The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
6. Alice Adams	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
3. Alice Adams	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
4. Galusha the Magnificent	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
5. Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
6. Growth of the Soil	*Knut Hamsun*	KNOPF

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
2.	The Mirrors of Washington	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
3.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
4.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
5.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
6.	Back to Methuselah	*Bernard Shaw*	BRENTANO

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
2.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
3.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
4.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
5.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
6.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY

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4.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
5.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
6.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Danish Poetry of the Last Century

ADAM OEHLENSCHLÄGER remarked that he who writes in Danish writes for an audience of a few hundred. And I have no doubt that he remarked it with pride; with an unconscious reservation concerning the advantage of small audiences. For the Danish poet and his readers agree on the excellence of compactness, the self-sufficiency of their brotherhood in the midst of the cosmopolitan and cumbersome "great" nations.

The nationalistic period inaugurated by Oehlenschläger in the early nineteenth century is romantic in character, but it is the "classic" period of Danish letters; the Danish equivalent for "the spacious days". And for this reason: the masters before him had been followers of foreign models; he was pure Dane. The critics dismiss rather deprecatingly his early work composed under the influence of German romanticism; the real Oehlenschläger, conceived not as a dramatist but as a lyric poet, emerges with his great poem "The Golden Horns". Here everything is Danish; the form inspired by the sagas, the matter inspired by the ancient drinking horns that had just been unearthed in Jutland. There follows a series of heroic ballads and local lyrics, the true Danish gesture, sweeping, eloquent, half incomprehensible to the peoples beyond the sacred boundaries.

Oehlenschläger set the tradition for the poets to come. Everything must be Danish. For landscape, beech forests and flat pastoral country bordered by the blue Sound; for epic characters, northern gods and Scandinavian heroes; for lyric characters, the honest Danish farmer and the wholesome Danish girl; for emotion, the calm earnest devotion of Scandinavian youth for Scandinavian maid; for religion, a mild, liberal Lutheranism. These are the elements that, in various combinations, compose Danish poetry of the last century. The elements of material established, the innovator's path could only lead to experiment with form. As usual, the tendency was toward music. Christian Winther, an admirable lyrist, contributed a suave melody to Danish metre that tempted half the musicians of Denmark to devising music for his more popular verses. His content is mainly divided between conventional Danish landscape and romantic emotion; his poems rely too much on that melodiousness of which he was the first, but not the most subtle master. Holger Drachmann is much better. Both his music and thought are more various. And Drachmann himself was one of those rare figures whose external personality breathes an aroma over their work. He lived on into this century, and his amazingly romantic exterior, his delight in shocking a people which secretly delights in being shocked, seem still to hover near his seductive lyrics, fanciful, devil-may-care, properly melancholy. And his work is not his only monument. There is an old inn in Copenhagen, the Drachmanns Kro, a low-ceiled, heavy-beamed farmhouse, whither the young repair. Amid the innumerable relics of his earthly existence, and the congenial sound of chatter and lute-strumming, he is standing, the bottle-loving, girl-

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loving old man, his shiny bald head with the wreath of tufted white hair, his high-bridged, fastidious nose, his cynical mouth, his beard, and the familiar black cloak drawn round his tall frame.

The fate of any set tradition for the content of poetry overtook the Danish tradition. All these elements of Danish national life, the realistic material of Oehlenschläger, became the abstract material of poets at the end of the century. The landscape, the emotions, the characters, gradually became as conventional as Greek mythology. The reaction was twofold: decadence and revival. Decadence was an exotic growth on Danish soil; it bloomed for a short season and was winter-killed immediately thereafter. The revival is of highest importance. It is exemplified in several minor poets, each singing the glory of his own province. Perhaps the nearest parallel in America is the beautiful sincerity of Mr. Frost. The greatest figure of the revival, and indeed, the greatest figure in Danish poetry since Oehlenschläger, is Johannes V. Jensen. He has an intellectual imperialism which, were he not also a great artist, would still be of impressive scope. It is impossible to compare him; he is charting new regions. He is as Danish as Oehlenschläger, but he has expanded "little" Denmark to include the whole world, perhaps the whole universe. His series of books—I cannot call them novels—"The Glacier", "The Ship", and "Christopher Columbus" (the last has just appeared), is a perspective of the wanderings of the white race. Time is non-existent; there is only the timeless wanderlust of the human soul. And Mr. Jensen portrays his native Jutland as the beating heart which has sent the blood of the wandering race coursing through the uttermost arteries of the world. Columbus was a Lombard; the Lombards were of the race of Jutland, the blond white race. There is the symbol. We are not dealing now with charming little Denmark, a pastoral archipelago sweetly content with its memories of departed greatness, we are dealing with that Denmark which

> created a world out of sorrow,
> and out of eternal yearning.

I include Johannes V. Jensen among the poets not only for the poetry of his conception, which, indeed, is also tinged with science, but especially for his scattered lyrics. They are few, but each is the beginning of a new tradition or the revival of an old tradition. He is romantic and realistic, cosmic and scientific. Above all, he is Danish. I have not mentioned the few exceptions who have held their own apart from the nationalistic fold. The most important, perhaps, is Frederik Paludan-Müller. J. P. Jacobsen may be classed as a semi-exception; his treatment of the elements is unique, but not the elements themselves.

The limitations of such an indigenous school are obvious. But for the makers of tradition, such as Oehlenschläger and Johannes V. Jensen, limitations do not exist. And even in those poets whose scope is narrowed we find an admirable enthusiasm, a patriotism which puts to shame our use of the word, and much poetry of high inspiration.

ROBERT HILLYER

Discovering the United States

GEORG BRANDES was recently moved to state that "to write in Danish is almost to write in sand". It was the wail of a man who has written approximately fifty books of about one hundred thousand words each, or

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five million words in a language spoken by not quite three million people. When in truth any of the Scandinavians—and the same applies to the Walloons of Belgium, the Dutch, the Serbs, the Finns, or the peoples of any of the small nations—write they are forced to keep their minds on the eventual translator. Without this much-scorned intermediator they cannot possibly hope to win. They have to have a larger audience than their native lands can furnish.

From this drawback American writers have never suffered. For whatever they create there has been a mighty host of potential consumers at home and still another host in England. They have never had to take the foreign language field into consideration. Nor have their exports been considerable. Now however, indubitably as a result in part of the war, the literature of the United States is being sought after by countries from which we were supposed only a short while ago to learn and be borrowers.

A century ago Longfellow was in Copenhagen where he made quite a stir, both there and here, by rummaging around in Danish literature and importing a little of it in his own metric mold. Today "Politiken" of Copenhagen is running Lee Wilson Dodd's "The Book of Susan" with an advance notice stating in so many words that this is the novel which brought an army of new subscribers to "The Saturday Evening Post" and then caused Dutton's to be besieged by a million men with money in their wallets, when they brought out the story in book form. Europe has caught the American spirit. And she wants our literature now more than ever.

Adolphe Brisson, writing recently in "Le Temps", says that "Peg O' My Heart", or as it is known in Paris, "Peg de mon Cœur", is one of the best American plays that has ever been heard in France. That the author, Hartley Manners, was born in England tends to put the praise "on low", but Mr. Manners holds fast to a New York address, so that the expression *pièce américaine* does not need modification. M. Brisson states quite candidly that the play is "incredibly naïve" and yet is "touching" and "captivating" and so on. He asks this question: "Is its great success in Paris due to the adaptation made by MM. Yves Mirande and Maurice Vaucaire?" What is really back in his mind is the fact that Paris is not in the habit of borrowing from New York and he simply cannot understand how this reversal has come about. But it has been coming for a number of years and may almost be said to have arrived. There was a time when France knew nothing of American literature apart from such as had been left behind over there by members of the diplomatic corps, with particular reference to Franklin, Fenimore Cooper, John Quincy Adams, and Albion W. Tourgée of more recent date. *Nous avons changé tout cela!*

The extent to which this increase in the carrying power of American literature is responsible for the fact that we allowed the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott (August 15th) to pass virtually unnoticed, is not easy to determine. It is to be hoped however, for evident reasons, that it played a large rôle. For the commonest topic in foreign magazines during the months of August and September was the author of the Waverley novels. A newspaper such as "Aftenposten" of Christiania —which is not the greatest Scandinavian daily—devoted a long article

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to Scott in which two excellent points were made. The writer referred to the influence Scott had had in Denmark on the writings of B. S. Ingemann (1789-1862) and Carsten Hauch (1790-1872). The former wrote a long series of novels based on Danish history, the obvious but unexploited teaching of which was, "Don't despair!" The latter, who died and is buried in Rome, also wrote historical novels one of the best of which is entitled quite simply "Robert Fulton" (1853). It is worth translation. The other point made by this writer is that though Walter Scott's method of dealing with historical material has long been superseded, he proved that if you wish to have success with historical novels you will do best to confine yourself to your own land and your own people. The remark is neither trite nor self-evident. There is a grateful field for the American novel in the history of this country. If an adequately endowed writer were to spend about twenty years writing a novel based on the life of Thomas Jefferson it would send the translators of the Old World to their pads and dictionaries.

France too celebrated the anniversary of Sir Walter Scott. In so doing, the "Mercure de France" told this story: Long ago, a man stepped up to a newsstand at the Euston station in London and asked for one of Scott's novels. The clerk told him he did not keep them on hand. "What, you do not have the novels of Walter Scott for sale?" "No," replied the clerk, "I do not keep them, for if I did it would be impossible for me to sell anything else." That day has of course gone. The same clerk, or his grandson, is now supplying his clientele with copies of "Main Street". We have been discovered.

In Germany, two of the most popular writers at the present time are Walt Whitman and Mark Twain. Whitman's diary has just been translated by Hans Reisiger and is being devoured. But this is not strange. Whitman has long been read and admired in Germany. Nor is Mark Twain unknown in the Fatherland. The great firm of Ullstein brought out recently a translation of "Tom Sawyer", by Ulreich Steindorff, of which one critic says: "Place this book in the family and the father will have to be a man of strong will to prevent a quarrel over the question as to who shall have the first chance at it." The same critic compares Mark Twain with Ludwig Thoma whose recent death Germany is now lamenting, and who acquired his first fame as contributing editor of "Simplicissimus". He says: "Compared with the ravishing humor and good nature of Mark Twain, Ludwig Thoma's stories read like flat repetitions." Even Germany is finding out what we really can do.

In Italy, the Minister of Education, a man hardly worthy to unlatch the shoes of his predecessor, Benedetto Croce, in matters intellectual, has asked that a collection be made of all the noteworthy books written by Americans on the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's death. This is a long advance from the days when the most that Italy derived from the United States was such money orders as Italian laborers saw fit to send to the Old Country.

Exactly thirty-three years ago, Knut Hamsun wrote his first book. Entitled "Intellectual Life in America", it was a vitriolic picture of what he then regarded as American sham, conceit, deceit, and general spiritual hollowness and emptiness. Today Hamsun derides his own initial effort. He is not including the work in

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his "Collected Writings". He has changed his mind. He has discovered us. And this discovery all along the line should make for better writing in this country.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

French Notes

TWO books by Ambroise Vollard. Two books by Emile Hovelacque. Two books by Albert Thibaudet.

Controversy has been raging about the Post-Impressionist exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. *About* is not the right word. *Apropos of* would be better, as the discussion had little to do with art itself. Some anonymous critics found the pictures immoral. Which provoked a rush to the museum. Disappointment followed. Some others were concerned only with the commercial side of the question, and suggested that Europe was trying to dump on America the productions which no longer fetched high prices over there.

Others incriminated the distorting influence of Post-Impressionism, and all foreign movements in general, on the genuine and unhampered development of young American painters in American schools. Yet a few consider that it was a remarkable exhibition; they have learned a great deal from it (not to find themselves better or worse on the next morning, only a little less ignorant). And this has awakened their interest in the lives of such painters as Renoir, Cézanne, Degas, Redon, Van Gogh, Matisse, etc. Not so long ago, much literature had suddenly multiplied around the personality of Paul Gauguin. Even "Noa Noa" and the Journal were quoted by our well informed. Concerning Renoir and Cézanne, nothing can be more highly recommended than Ambroise Vollard's two recent biographies.[1]

Vollard himself has his place in the history of modern painting. A picture-dealer, but first of all a friend and a confidant of artists, a humorous giant whose fund of stories and anecdotes seems inexhaustible, and a keen appraiser of men and of pictures, Vollard is responsible for the "discovery" and recognition of several contemporary painters. His books contain no dogmatic development, no criticism ex cathedra. They are first-class biographies which give us good living portraits of the man Cézanne and of the man Renoir, as they stand facing their work and not thinking much about the "Hall of Fame" or post-mortem high prices. To any technician, to any intelligent amateur, "Cézanne" and the newly published "Renoir" will be good reading. With the rough, taciturn figure of Cézanne at Aix-en-Provence, contrasts the explosive, childish, and genial person of Renoir. And do not miss the story of the latter's dinner with Rodin. There Vollard is at his best.

In a wholly different field, Emile Hovelacque is also the author of two recent volumes, "China" (1920) and "Japan" (1921).[2] M. Hovelacque, who is a General Inspector of Public Education in France, is known in this country for his "Les Etats-Unis et la Guerre",[3] and for possessing the most portentous beard ever sent on a mission from France to America.

In view of the Washington conference on the limitation of armaments (to be precise in our terms as well as limited in our hopes) and on the Far Eastern problems, it may not be untimely to signal these works. They present an epitome of general knowledge on the two countries,—their history, present political situation, and a large development allotted to art and

[1] G. Crès, publisher.

[2] E. Flammarion, publisher.

[3] Alcan, publisher.

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the spiritual manifestations of the Yellow Race.

In an article on these same books,[4] Félix Bertaux asks for a better study of what might be called "intellectual geography". What he says of a tendency of some French minds since the war to shut themselves up into isolation and thus drift into further misunderstanding of foreign mentalities, is true also of other peoples. Great and progressive nations have shown, since 1919, a marked laziness and non-curiosity concerning the inner life of each other, the deep motives underlying political events and accidents; what we need is not more superficial information but some methodical and intelligent knowledge. "To study the Englishman, the German, the Russian from within", says M. Bertaux, "would be far more useful than to indulge in those inquiries by reporters who hurry between two trains, getting statements which they misinterpret, or describing a country by the number of factories, armories, and bathtubs it possesses."

It is not only a question of piling up data (although that is better than the other excess, that of know-nothingism). A few recent works show a hopeful tendency in actually explaining the spirit of races and nations to each other, and therefore dissipating such distrust and misrepresentation as survive even material and analytical knowledge. Hovelacque's "Chine" and "Japon" are among these works.

More twin books. After "Les Idées de Charles Maurras", here is "La Vie de Maurice Barrès"[5] by Albert Thibaudet, who is one of the best equipped scholars of the generation neither "old" nor "young". There is not much use in criticizing here this criticism and presenting this presentation of Maurras and Barrès, the two great conservative leaders in French contemporary thought and politics. Let us only recommend these books as being most thorough, honest, complete, and yet sanguine and vivid commentaries. Thibaudet has the advantage of not belonging to the party of the men he portrays, and the merit of not hitching himself to an opposite party. Therefore, and because of the unusual qualities of the author, this double contribution to the intellectual history of modern France is a most valuable one.

PIERRE DE LANUX

[4]La Nouvelle Revue Francaise, Aug. 1, 1921.
[5]Nouvelle Revue Francaise, publisher.

News from Germany

LEONHARD FRANK'S wonderful book "Der Mensch ist Gut" (Man is Good) is now circulating freely. It was published in Switzerland during the war, a weapon and a banner for all pacifists. Frank's impassioned anti-war tracts in story form are carried along by a living torch of a style and a passionate conviction rooted in a mental, moral, and physical hatred of the loathly thing called war. "Glory" appears in his pages only to be spat upon; the realities of war are there instead—terror and despair and abominable pain in every form. The amazing and frightful procession of war cripples which actually took place during the Revolution is anticipated in unforgetable pages in this book, conceived two years earlier.

The young Viennese author, Karl Hans Strobl, one of the premier novelists here, has written a new novel of great imaginative power. Strobl has a number of books to his name, among them a thrilling "Life-Romance" or romantic biography of that Austrian heir-apparent, Franz Ferdinand, whose murder precipitated the World

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War. He is also part editor of a magazine called "The Orchid Garden" which contains nothing but tales of the uncanny, and tremendously bizarre and fantastic pictures. His book "Gespenster in Sumpf" (Ghosts in the Swamp) has for its plot the unearthly adventures of a party of Americans who visit the ruins of Vienna. And what a Vienna! Scarcely a stone left upon another of the public buildings. Giant rats and scavenger dogs fighting with fever-stricken inhabitants in frightful cellar retreats—a Vienna of years hence, haunted by subtler horrors and in the claws of a creeping, inescapable doom. A powerful and enthralling book for strong-nerved readers.

Another amazing new ghost book is A. M. Frey's "Spuk des Alltags" (Ghosts of Everyday) which leads through ordinary front doors and commonplace streets into haunted country. Some of these masterly short stories are equal in magic and hovering horror to Edgar Allan Poe. Frey is another of the young men who contribute to the Munich "Orchid Garden".

Karl Friedrich Nowak, the well-known Austrian war correspondent whose revelations from behind the scenes "Der Weg zur Catastrophe" (The Road to Catastrophe) made a sensation here last year, has just published a very brilliant and exhaustive history of the last phase of the war in one large volume, called "The Collapse of the Central Powers". It is a great feat to have compressed the vast mass of material into so comprehensive, exhaustive, and yet portable a form. Nowak has preserved his customary praiseworthy objectivity.

A number of interesting new plays have appeared—Georg Kaiser has published the second part of "Gas"—symbolic, staccato, strange, impressive, and obscure. An art which might, which should have originated in America. Walter Hasenclever has published "Jenseits" which has already been seen on the stage in the provinces. It is a hysterical, unnatural play, with psychology more theoretical than human. Karl Schönherr, the author of "Faith and Home" and "A People in Need", etc., has deserted his broad-tongued Tyrolese peasants and written a very intense and human drama of the woes of the physician, which he calls "Kampf" (Struggle). Every main character is a physician or a doctor's wife or sweetheart—from the old specialist at the university past every grade of struggling doctor to the half-starved young medical student. The struggles of these real loving and suffering creatures are after all more sympathetic than the nervous woes of the theoretic creations of the expressionistic drama.

German book production statistics for 1920 have just been published and make interesting reading. 32,345 new books were published, as compared with 26,104 in the year 1919. 19,078 were books published for the first time, 8,715 were new editions, and there were 4,552 magazines. The book dealers' trade paper took statistics and discovered that the largest class of books was belles-lettres, including 6,647 works. It is plain that Germany's spiritual renascence is making great progress—and many of these works of literature appear in beautiful editions. Gustav Kiepenheuer of Potsdam, for instance, publishes a huge white quarto volume twice a year, entitled "Die Dichtung". The paper is a joy to the touch, the printing a pleasure to the eye, the poetry a balm, a tonic, or a wholesome irritant to the mind.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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DOROTHY DANCES

By Louis Untermeyer

THIS is no child that dances. This is flame.
Here fire at last has found its natural frame.

What else is that which burns and flies
From those enkindled eyes...
What is that inner blaze
Which plays
About that lighted face...
This thing is fire set free—
Fire possesses her, or rather she
Controls its mastery.
With every gesture, every rhythmic stride,
Beat after beat,
It follows, purring at her side,
Or licks the shadows of her flashing feet.
Around her everywhere
It coils its threads of yellow hair;
Through every vein its bright blood creeps,
And its red hands
Caress her as she stands
Or lift her boldly when she leaps.
Then, as the surge
Of radiance grows stronger
These two are two no longer
And they merge
Into a disembodied ecstasy;
Free
To express some half-forgotten hunger,
Some half-forbidden urge.

What mystery
Has been at work until it blent
One child and that fierce element?
Give it no name.
It is enough that flesh has danced with flame.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

Charles Chaplin

Just before he sailed for England and received a wonderful greeting there, that little genius and big person, Charles Chaplin (everyone is beginning to drop the undignified diminutive) gave a farewell dinner in New York. It was an evening to be remembered; and fortunate were the dozen or more who gathered to do him honor. What a list of guests it was! Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, of course; Neysa McMein, more radiant than ever; Frank Crowninshield, who has made the screen star forever popular in society; Georgette Le Blanc, whose English is as quaint as Chaplin's French; Rita Weiman, fresh from Hollywood with $25,000 in her already plethoric purse; Harrison Rhodes and his sister, both of whom knew Charles when...; Alexander Woollcott, rotund and jolly as ever, with a whole batch of new jests; Sally Farnham, who has just done a head of the President, and now says she will do one of Charles; Ralph Barton, who has gone quite mad over the protagonist in "The Kid"; Edward Knoblock, tired after his hard work on "The Three Musketeers" and looking forward to the voyage back home with his host; and Charles Hanson Towne, who thinks Chaplin the greatest man in the world today, and is about to burst into lyric ecstasy over his genius.

Never were such stunts pulled off in one small room! The waiters could hardly be induced to go to the kitchen between courses, fearing to lose even one mot, quip, or joke. You never knew when one of the celebrities present was going to take it into his head to do something devilish. To see Madame Le Blanc reclining on a couch, looking for all the world like a rejuvenated Bernhardt, and murmuring, after Eddie Knoblock (as Armand) had asked her, *"Etes-vous Camille?"*, *"Non je suis Camille faux!"* — well, one might live a hundred years and never hear anything quite so tragically comic, or comically tragic, as you prefer. It was a superb moment that any artiste might have been proud of.

Then there was the side-splitting Apache dance of Knoblock and Chaplin (himself); the peerless charades of Crownie, the beloved—he was at his best, which is saying a lot; the exhibition cabaret one step by Miss Weiman and Charley Towne; the tightrope stunt of Aleck Woollcott; but beyond all and above all, the rich satire on a French drama by Chaplin and Fairbanks—a marvelous exhibition of pantomime, when, without a bit of scenery, one felt the shades literally being lowered, the door closed, the unseen gas jet turned down, the phantom cigarette lighted, and the imaginary ashes dropped upon the nebulous rug. Enter the furious Douglas who, in perfect French, tells of his dead love, his sense of loss over the faithlessness of his mistress. Then Chaplin's answers in imitation of the same tongue—uttered so beautifully, so pathetically, through the use of such simple words as *demi-tasse*, *garçon*, and *donnez-moi l'addition*—

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which latter line one of the waiters took literally as an order, and sped on all-too-willing feet to the cashier's desk. Finally, after a tense scene lasting perhaps four or five minutes, Douglas begins to search the back of the neck of Charles; and the latter cries out in agony, in a voice which only a New York street gamin could approximate, "You're dead right, kiddo. It's a carbuncle!" (Quick curtain.) Only, there wasn't any curtain; but you felt that there was, through the sheer wonder of these two really great actors.

Someone had told Lola Fisher where the party was being held; and she called up Charley Towne when things were at their height. The charming star of "Honors Are Even" lives just around the corner from the restaurant which will go down in history as the place where this gathering was held; and Towne, delighting in surprises, took the whole gang to Miss Fisher's apartment where a second amazing party began to grow. Miss Fisher and Charles Chaplin had never met, though each had of course seen the other on the stage and on the screen. The little actress has just the humor that Chaplin loves; and together they did an imitation of a German grand opera which can never be duplicated—one of those sadly lost half hours—lost, because its spontaneity was its finest quality. But not lost to those who heard it—a rich, rare treat, with improvised makeup and "business" and the indefatigable Knoblock at the piano.

Long life to you, Charles Chaplin! No wonder they cried out to you from England, in the words of Margie, "You *must* come over!"

But, also, you *must* come back. We need you here.

Chicago is remarkably silent this month. Perhaps Ben Hecht is preparing to publish another novel to run a race with the new editions of "Erik Dorn". However, Harold Waldo, as usual, send us an anecdote from the coast. This one concerns the fortunes of John Cowper Powys, the constant lecturer and sometime author, and his brother Llewellyn (which reminds us that Llewellyn Jones of the Chicago "Evening Post" was recently in this town, and we enjoyed his conversation much. He tells us that he is not a highbrow as is commonly supposed. His reason is that he has never had a formal college education. We think that a poor reason. An informal college education is fully as good. Robert Nathan, the author of "Autumn", is of the opinion that no one with the name Llewellyn could possibly have hair that isn't curly. Has any BOOKMAN reader straight hair, and also the name Llewellyn?). Well it seems that—

Lem Parton, newspaper man of San Francisco, took the Powys brothers out in a Ford coupé that he hadn't learned how to drive excessively well. Every time they approached another car, the Powys team exclaimed in chorus, "My word! my word!" In short, Parton's driving made them nervous and they made him nervous and he made them nervous back again. It was a really frightful time. But Parton delivered these two inveterate Elizabethans safely at their hostel; and it suddenly smote him where he keeps his pride that he hadn't made such a bad mess of it after all—had killed no old ladies and broken no children's legs nor ruined any stately traffic cops—so he held out a tentative suggestion of another ride. In the country, he opined, out on the open road, where traffic was less dense, trees green, and air sparkling fresh, motoring was really a delight. "Oh yes, indeed!" responded one of the Powys brothers, "yes, yes—one could even leave the bally machine beside the road and enjoy a walk!" There is a legend down by the Bay to the effect that when John C. and his brother first came to San Francisco, they got off the train miles before it reached town and walked in!

The first night of Somerset

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Maugham's "The Circle" was filled with dignity, cheers, and Mrs. Leslie Carter's gowns. It was enough to see John Drew and Ernest Lawford act, however much we may have been oppressed by the overwhelming nearness of the great and the somewhat great. That reminds us that we heard yesterday a discussion between Mr. Drew and Frank Craven of "The First Year", as to which wore the gayer shirts. Mr. Drew claimed that his was his "railroad pattern shirt"; yet he assured us that its stripes were mild in comparison with one which his family had banned but which he still wore on occasion. Until this is proved, however, we must give the palm to Mr. Craven, who once wore a pattern of blue flowers across his bosom in our presence. However, this seems to be a question of fashion rather than taste, and we are woefully lacking in knowledge (our fashion editor is on her vacation, and we haven't time to give John Bishop of "Vanity Fair" a ring, or even Cosmo Hamilton. Alas!). It was worth the trip to "Little Lord Fauntleroy" to see Douglas Fairbanks gallantly smiling as Miss Pickford acknowledged the plaudits of an audience which included—etc. etc. Alice Duer Miller, in a box, still frightened us. We have never been so terrified as when she came into the Gossip Shop recently. A very gentle and splendid person she is; but we became humble before her. Perhaps that's because we think that her "Manslaughter", appearing in the SatEve-Post, is one of the best stories we've read in many moons. It takes a great deal to make us read a serial, too! Not long ago we saw "The Dibbuk" at the Yiddish Art Theatre. It is a series of striking Rembrandtesque pictures. Such staging! Such grouping! We venture to say that there is none so good on Broadway. A young Jewish friend of ours, seeing us with our parent, remarked, "Good God, what are you doing here?"—and we wondered, too. At "Main Street" there were many editors. Dr. Smythe, of the "Times", Glenn Frank of "The Century", Henry Canby of "The Literary Review". The second act of this dramatized version of the book seemed to us very fine. McKay Morris as Dr. Kennicott will probably be seen doing his stint many moons from now; for it is he who makes the play. Carol Kennicott, in spite of all that Miss Tell can do, still remains an unappealing figure. We attended the performance with a young lady who had not read "Main Street" (the book) and she enjoyed herself. (She is very frank, too.) We forgot to mention that both the publishing Alfreds were there—Harcourt and Knopf—and "Main Street" (the book) is sold in the lobby. So that's that!

Arnold Mulder sends us the following note from Michigan. We suggest that if any of our readers are invalided or curious about their own vocabularies, they make a dictionary trip (either local or express) and let us know the results of the journey.

Is the twentieth century writer equipped with as large a vocabulary as Shakespeare, or has he even as many words as Milton? The former, we were told in English class, used 15,000 words, while the latter had some 8,000 at his command. This, you remember, was always contrasted with the 400 or 500 words with which the average person gets through life.

Myrtle Koon Cherryman, author of "Songs of Sunshine" (1908) and "Rhymes for Rainy Days" (1915), as well as of books of modern fables, took the trouble to find out what the size of her own vocabulary is. To this end she recently took a systematic journey through the New Collegiate Dictionary and checked off every word which she knew how to use. And the amazing total was 31,500, more than twice as many as used by Shakespeare.

The experiment was begun as a kind of

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game which soon turned from jest to earnest. Mrs. Cherryman learned a great many curious facts about many of the words she already knew that made them richer. There is the word *sulky* for instance—a one-seated rig—"so called", says Friend Dictionary, "because of the fact of its carrying but one person", the implication seeming to be that the young man who feels sulky rides by himself in one of these lonesome things instead of on a regular buggy seat (or flivver A. D. 1921) with his girl beside him. Then there is *truckle* (to be fawning or subservient, to "truckle under to"), so called from the fact of the "truckle-bed" in which the pupil (at English schools presumably) slept and which was shoved under the bed of the master during the daytime! Then there is that droll word *gamp,* meaning an old-fashioned, baggy umbrella, which, the dic. says, is probably so called from the umbrella Sairey Gamp, in "Martin Chuzzlewit", carried.

Mrs. Cherryman's experiment shows that a journey through the dictionary can be made highly exciting.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, whose new book is appearing this fall, is so little like one's idea of a conventional explorer that we rush to say so in the first line. Slight, soft-spoken, keen-minded: he might almost be a poet or a philosopher. The first, in fact, he once was; and his profession before he started daring the far north, so to speak, was that of a professor of anthropology. He told us, among other things, that he is writing a book for boys. We can imagine how delightful that book will be; for we are now reading with great joy his earlier "My Life with the Eskimo", which ought to please boys old and young. Stefansson's achievement in the arctic was one of intelligence as well as endurance. It had apparently always been a fixed idea that it would be an impossibility to live on the free ice floes without provisions—that there was no animal life after solid land had been left behind. Stefansson found, however, and it seems absurd that someone had not thought of it before, that the seal, when the ice is first being formed, rests in a sort of box-place, over which the ice forms. (We hesitate to deal with naturalistic subjects, for to our shame we now hear from that charming lady Mrs. Rinehart, that one "shoots at night" and one "catches tarpon", but one does not "shoot tarpons at night". "Nature faker!" says she to us.—Alas! poor Gossip Shop.) A hole, made by the breath of the seal, pierces the entire ice formation. This is covered by several feet of snow. The only way to find it is by the use of dogs. The dog having scented the animal, the rest is easy. The snow scraped away, the ice chopped—and dinner, breakfast, supper, fuel, clothing, etc. is at hand. This simple fact has made Mr. Stefansson's extraordinarily long expeditions possible. He does not have to "dash". Nor does he travel in discomfort. His diaries, written with a fountain pen, are carefully kept. He writes at night, so he tells us, in perfect comfort. He likes the north. He considers it a good place to live. We were particularly interested in the explorer's statement that his decision not to be a poet sprang from a reading of William Vaughn Moody's "Gloucester Moors". "If a man can write a poem like that", he told us, "why should I write poetry at all?" Of course, our reply naturally would have been, "Well! If you hadn't showed more courage than that in the north, we would think that you weren't particularly brave." However, we'll not quarrel with the fates. Perhaps the world has lost a great poet in gaining a great explorer, or perhaps, dreadful thought, we have simply one bad poet less. However, the fact that Mr. Stefansson writes well, makes his books on the north doubly valuable, and oh, so many times more entertaining.

Four first novels on the fall list have

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caused a stir of one sort or another. Here's a "Who's Who" of the guilty authors. Edward Alden Jewell, whose "Charmed Circle" is a story of young life in Paris, is from Grand Rapids, Michigan. An actor, a newspaper man, a traveler, married, and with one child (the publishers do not tell us its sex), he should have a broad knowledge of life. We have never met him; but one literary editor says that he used his picture simply because it was the first author's photograph he had seen in years that was presentable. Does this mean that we may be sued for libel by the Authors' League? Jewell now lives in New York City. John Dos Passos, about whose head blows a veritable tornado aroused by the appearance of "Three Soldiers", is a New York man, son of a prominent lawyer, a Harvard graduate, a member of the Morgan Harjes Ambulance unit at the French front before we entered the war, and later, of our own Army Ambulance. At present he is traveling in the East. His essays on conditions there are appearing in various magazines, among them "The Freeman", and in the New York Sunday "Tribune". Ben Hecht, of the staff of the Chicago "Daily News", is the best conversationalist to whom it has ever been our privilege to listen. We think that "Erik Dorn" is written in a style which reflects this fact. We like it. He has a wife, a family, and a great love for the special reporting which he does so brilliantly. Stephen Benét is already so well known to the Gossip Shop that it seems quite unnecessary to explain him further. We learned yesterday from his brother, however, that the Benét père is now also writing, having retired from the United States army. What a family! "The Beginning of Wisdom", we hear, will be followed by "Young People's Pride". This novel will soon appear serially in "Harper's Bazar", which is henceforth to run the works of younger novelists.

The September number of "The Bookplate Magazine", London, is a memorial to Claud Lovat Fraser, the young English artist whose recent

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE

death was a great loss to the English theatre. It was his scenery which contributed so much to the success of "The Beggar's Opera" in London. Writing of him, Haldane Macfall says:

> Amongst the brilliant young folk who used to take possession of my flat of an evening, the sculptor Gaudier, and Enid Bagnold, who made a mark in verse, and the rest, Lovat was one of the wittiest and brightest and most gifted of them all. Gaudier fell in action at twenty-four or so, and now Lovat has passed away at thirty-one. Yet it seems only yesterday that the big laughing dandy was sitting on the floor making bookplates and caricatures and decorations with a reed pen as unconcernedly and naturally as a bird sings.
>
> His bookplates, mostly made with a reed pen, often enhanced by colour washes, are always marked by that rhythm of line and mass which are the bedrock of all his decorative achievement. There is in all he wrought a sense of fresh air and the picturesque country life of England. Even the slightest of his works is lyrical—there is a song in everything he ut-

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tered. Lovat was so glad just to be alive. He was an affectionate, generous fellow and liked everything and everybody; and if there were ever anything in his life which did not make for happiness it was the act of anyone that seemed unfriendly—he would fret about it and wonder if he had himself been to blame. Such a man breeds friends, and every one who knew him loved him—you could not help yourself. And to me this good will to the world breathes from all his lyrical art in whatsoever form expressed....

The bookplate for Sir Herbert Tree was originally designed as the cover for *Thoughts and Afterthoughts*, but Tree decided on an alternative. I suggested that it should become his bookplate. Tree admired it but wanted to know if there were any sinister suggestion in the smallness of the figure reclining under it. "That," said Lovat neatly, "is the old Adam." "I'm afraid," said Tree with a sly glance at me, "the critics would say that there was too much Tree and too little of the old Adam." Lovat was ready: "But if there were too little Tree and too much old Adam you would play to empty houses," said he. Tree laughed hugely: "How well Lovat understands the conceit of the profession!" he chuckled....Lovat spent many delightful evenings with Tree in "the dome" of His Majesty's Theatre; and was greatly liked by Tree. It was indeed for Tree that he made his first theatre designs; and for Tree's book of collected essays that he made some of his earliest book-decorations with the reed pen akin to his bookplates.

We liked best of the poetry in the August magazines, "Our Time" by David Osborne Hamilton in "Poetry"; "The Land Turtle" by Hans Trausil in "The Measure"; "Oriental Love Song" by Robert J. Roe in "Contemporary Verse"; "To Carl Sandburg" by Amy Lowell in "The Nation"; "Evening" by Sara Teasdale in "The New Republic"; and, most of all, "In Praise of Johnny Appleseed" by Vachel Lindsay in "The Century".

November twentieth is the date before which answers to our literary questions should arrive. It isn't necessary to wait until you answer them all to send your letter. Please state, however, whether or not it was necessary for you to look up the answer. The best three replies will receive a book prize. (Any book in "The Editor Recommends".) The September questions were apparently the easiest yet; for answers to them piled in like the first snow. Prize-winners are Miss I. Norton of Cleveland, Ohio, Katharine Terrill of Burlington, Iowa, and Eliza Buckner Marquess of New York City (she lives on our street, we note—must be a literary street). No one from New Jersey this month, though Mrs. Kraybill of Asbury Park was close in the race. The second of the September questions was somewhat ambiguous, so we accepted several answers, while number five was answered as follows by many—a quotation which was curiously like Sir Boyle Roche's:

> What has posterity done for us
> That we, lest they their rights should lose,
> Should trust our necks to gripe of noose?
> *John Trumbull in "McFingal", a burlesque satirizing Whig and Tory.*

We suspect Mr. Bartlett of having had a hand in the matter.

Here are the new questions sent in by Ada Burke, of Charleston, South Carolina:

1. Who are said to be the originals of the following characters in fiction (name the book and author)?
   a. Diana of the Crossways.
   b. Eugène de Rastignac.
   c. Lady Kitty Ashe.
   d. Mr. Tonans.
   e. The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue.
   f. Glenarvon.
2. Who was "the lady from Philadelphia"?
3. Place the following excellent servants:
   a. Mark Tapley.
   b. William, the hotel waiter.
   c. Dolly, the chambermaid who captured a highwayman.
   d. Dulloo, the sais.
4. What poet, being under sentence of death, wrote his epitaph in the form of a ballade?
5. Place these boys:
   a. Six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!
   b. Tommy Upmore.
   c. Prince Mamillius of Sicilia.
   d. Terence (or Fibsy) McGuire.
6. What artist's (and autobiographer's) father gave him a box on the ears so that he would remember seeing a salamander in the

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fire? And what modern French writer, in which book, has borrowed the occurrence?

7. Name three works of fancy in which the plot turns upon a likeness between two of the characters.

The answers to October's questions are:

1. The apples in question were consumed by the clerk at Mr. Wilkins Flasher's while Mr. Weller was affixing his signature to papers in connection with Mrs. Weller's will. ("Pickwick Papers", chapter 55.)

2. The quotation is from "The Wage-Slaves" by Rudyard Kipling.

3. A peculiar librarian is described in chapter 6 of "Main Street".

4. A brief and satirical account of the Peace Conference occurs in H. G. Wells's "The Outline of History".

5. A Spanish officer, recognizing Tweed from Nast's cartoon "Tweed-le-dee and Tilden-dum", arrested him.

6. The words appear in "Pudd'nhead Wilson" (heading of chapter 5).

7. In Stockton's "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" (chapter 2) the shipwrecked members float to an island where they find all the comforts of home. Being New Englanders, they pay for value received.

The Women's National Book Association wants more members. Its program this year proposes to bring the bookseller and the author together in person, and to have a monograph written for distribution on "what the writer thinks of the bookseller" and "what the bookseller thinks of the author". For the latter subject, Sophie Kerr, who addressed the first meeting of the Association this year, is said to have put in a big offer in advance. We think it an excellent thing to bring booksellers and authors together. We find them (booksellers we mean) as a rule quite as delightful as authors, if not more so; but then, so many of them are, too; that is, are authors. It was with pain, as well as joy, that we heard that Mrs. Hahner's Miss Field, of Chicago fame, has been or is shortly to be married. Then there is that young lady at New York Brentano's, Miss Lawlor, who is so enthusiastic that she sells us two volumes of Patrick Chalmer's poetry, when we have no money whatsoever in the bank and very little in the purse. Have you ever read "Green Days and Blue"—excellent light verse writes P. Chalmers. Oscar Williams is a bookseller as well as a poet, and we must never forget Henry Smith and Matthew Baird, Jr., to say nothing of Mr. La Belle, and our favorite Will Solle. Dozens of others, including Bob Holliday himself, and surely not the least, Fanny Butcher of Chicago, whom we have never met, and a young lady in Detroit who sat near us at dinner and who has a name we are loath to forget (she may be found at Sheehan's and her name, we think, is Glennishaw). So, more power to the Women's Book Association!

Carl Sandburg told us when we were in Chicago, that the book with the greatest circulation in the United States was a certain mail order catalogue. Perhaps the cook book would quarrel with that statement. At any rate, Mrs. Bertha Oppenheim, who raises pears, apples, and peaches on her modern farm in our native state, writes us the following letter. It almost makes us homesick!

Here in Vermont the mail order catalogues have started on their travels. Our rural mail carrier does not know where to put his feet, so crowded is his old Ford car, or his older Concord buggy, with parcel post packages.

No city dweller can possibly visualize the joys of these thick, dictionary-like books, and what their coming means to a farm community. Full of wondrous illustrations and descriptions of every possible thing of utility, of every imaginable article of luxury, carefully arranged, well described; tabulated with painstaking exactness as to quality, price, weight, and a hundred other things besides.

Long before the books arrive, one hears: "Strange, that catalogue has not gotten here yet." Or, "I wonder where my catalogue is, anyway."

Well, it has come, bigger, fuller, more enticing than ever. Chores are done, supper is over. Young and old gather round and take turns poring over this book of a thousand desires. It

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furnishes entertainment day after day, night after night. It evokes long discussions. It matters little whether, after all, one really buys. The joys of city shops, city lights, city luxuries come close, all steeped in the haze of enchanting distance and unattainableness.

Not that we do not order. On the contrary, we buy everything from washing machines to silk handkerchiefs, from rubber boots to Victrola records, from tooth paste to souvenir spoons. I verily believe that there exists nothing tangible on the face of the earth not listed in these marvelous catalogues.

They are a part of our community life, vital and engrossing like the Grange and the Village Improvement Society. They come with the glory of the reddening leaf and the content of harvest time. They bring with them the first touch of Christmas cheer. God bless the mail order catalogues!

Sir Gilbert Parker

We met Sir Gilbert Parker in a hotel which particularly suited him. It was dignified, decorous, carefully appointed—in fact, the sort of hotel that English duchesses no doubt always choose when staying in New York City, where the curtains are of heavy pink velvet, and the light is bad. Far from commercial in appearance; but extremely expensive! Sir Gilbert is an energetic gentleman. He is enthusiastic about the motion pictures. He has now returned to England for a vacation before resuming his activities in Hollywood. Presently a new novel will appear. The plot of it was divulged to us. It is a secret, however. If you must know the secret, you will find it presently in one of the popular magazines, "with a Canadian background". It was a great honor to have the author of "The Right of Way" visit us in the Shop. We are about to have rugs on the floor and curtains. We should have felt so much more comfortable if they had been in place. Sir Gilbert is, indeed, a very splendid gentleman for an author.

Archibald Marshall, we hear, has at last consented to lecture and is staying over in America a month longer for this purpose.

MOVING FORCES

The Mississippi flows and flows
  In mighty volume to the sea;
The trade wind blows, and blows, and blows;
  The sun climbs to its apogee;
  From Henry Ford, his factory,
A steady stream of cars we're sighting;
  The tides move everlastingly,
And H. G. Wells continues writing.

The Amazon's vast current goes
  Into the deep; with spendthrift glee
The nation's money Congress throws;
  Frank Bacon's "Lightnin' ", you'll agree
  Will run till nineteen ninety three
Before its vogue shows signs of blighting;
  High grows the towering Redwood tree,
And H. G. Wells continues writing.

Vesuvius's crater shows
  A stream of lava breaking free;
Niagara roars, and Broadway glows;
  Lloyd George perennial seems to be;
  The oceans surge from key to key;
Ruth with his bat is ever smiting;
  Cyclonic storms go on a spree,
And H. G. Wells continues writing!

Envoy

Floods, earthquakes, sandstorms make men flee;
  The stars move on, the heavens lighting;
Time rushes toward eternity,
  And H. G. Wells continues writing!

Berton Braley

Some people are simply dogged by adventure. Hearing from Christopher Morley that "Tommy", the Dutch sailor boy of McFee's "Casuals of the Sea", was once more in these parts, your Gargling Gossip went down to see him. Tommy is now an American citizen with a wife and baby in Brooklyn; he has been for some time a second mate in the Ward Line. When we saw him he had just signed on in the steam trawler "Ripple" to go on a treasure hunting expedition off the Virginian Capes. We wished we

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could have gone along: the "Ripple" breathed the very odor of romance. But Tommy will be back from the treasure hunt (we are sworn to secrecy as to details) by the time this is published. Does anyone know of a job for him ashore? He is twenty-five, strong and amiable and faithful, but he has weak lungs and the doctor says he must leave the sea.

The interest in spiritism—public interest, at least—has waned. Yet there will always be a curiosity as to the phenomena of the occult, particularly when it is authenticated or connected with such names as those of Whistler and Pennell. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's "Whistler Journal" will contain Whistler's own statement of his belief in spirits, an account of the Pennells' endeavor to communicate with Whistler, and of the echoes of Whistler by Dr. L. C. Alexander. Dr. Alexander, it seems, thought that Whistler enabled him to make drawings and write art criticisms after his death. This authoritative story of Whistler's connection with spiritism should be of particular interest, in view of the talk of the "spirit paintings" of Mrs. W. H. Smith, said to have been done by Whistler.

The Vice-President-at-Large of the Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. J. C. Long, sends us the following note of an O. Henry celebration held recently at Selma, Alabama. The idea for this, she tells us, was sprung from something said in our magazine. So much the better, say we.

The beauty spot of North Carolina, which is conceded by all to be Grove Park Inn, is not alone Asheville's *raison d'être*. O. Henry, the master of short story writers, made his home in Asheville for many years, and his grave in beautiful Riverside cemetery, Asheville, is visited each day by scores of his admirers from far and near. On September 11th, known as O. Henry Day, the entire city with hundreds of tourists observed O. Henry's natal anniversary in a way most fitting. O. Henry pictures were shown at four of the local motion picture houses. These four pictures which took their titles from O. Henry's stories were "Roads of Destiny", with Pauline Frederick as the star, "The Passing of Black Eagle", "Telemachus' Friend", and "A Philistine in Bohemia". The Federated Club women took an active part in the sale of tickets, and a portion of the net proceeds will go toward an O. Henry club house for the women's clubs.

An added feature of the celebration was the address, that evening, at the Majestic motion picture house, by Mrs. Charles M. Platt, chairman of the committee in charge of the O. Henry celebration. Mrs. Platt recalled many personal experiences of the author and his stories, many of which went forth from the O. Henry Studio in the American National Bank building in Asheville. At the close of her address, Mrs. Platt introduced Mrs. William Sydney Porter, O. Henry's widow, who resides near Asheville. As Mrs. Porter graciously acknowledged the storm of applause which greeted her, we felt that the sentiments of a nation had been expressed by Alphonso Smith, O. Henry's biographer and editor, in a telegram which was read at the celebration saying, "O. Henry is helping to make the whole world kin, by revealing to it a common source of sympathy, a common fund of laughter, and a common bond of admiration. In honoring him, Asheville will honor not only the state that gave him birth, but those nobler traits of human nature which found in him both interpreter and exemplar."

We were sorry to miss Lew Sarett, when we were in Chicago. He writes us from the Red Lake Indian Reservation, that our letter to him was three weeks late, "from which", he says, "you may judge the remoteness of this little Indian village that I make my headquarters". He is working on his second book of poems now, to be called, probably, "The Box of God". It is difficult though, he says, to keep at work when you can see jumping trout out the window, and big timber and bushes black with blueberries waiting to be picked. We envy him, as we envy Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant her stay in New Mexico. Ap-

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parently a Gossip must spend his days envying those about whom he chatters.

Fred Lockley writes an account from Oregon, of an Oregonian who has migrated to New York City:

Mary Carolyn Davies, author of "The Husband Test", was born at Sprague, Washington, of Welsh and Danish ancestry. "We come by our love of writing naturally," said L. L. Davies, her brother. "My mother was richly endowed with the creative gift and her mother also was a writer. My father was a miner, and for eight years we lived in Casalo, B. C., on Kootenay Lake. Casalo was a unique community, very different from the ordinary American village or small town. While we were there we published a magazine. All of our family wrote for it, as well as other members of the community. It was hand written throughout and the illustrations were also hand work. We produced each week twelve copies, which circulated throughout the entire community until everyone had read them.

"When my sister Mary was fourteen years old and still had braids down her back she was writing clever verse. While she was in high school she wrote a story and sent it to the 'Youth's Companion'. They sent her a check for forty dollars. This decided her to take up a literary career. To secure the money to go to the University of California she taught school for a year in eastern Oregon, near a little settlement called Post. Each day she rode three or four miles to her school on horseback. Riding has always been the one thing, next to writing, which she most loves. She attended the University of California for two years, majoring in English literature. This was in 1911 and 1912. Here she won the Emily Chamberlain Cook prize and the Bohemian Club prize, both awarded for the best verse produced by a student during the year. During her stay at the University she came under the influence of Professor Gayley and of Warren Cheney. They encouraged her to make literature her life work. She also became well acquainted with Jack London and his wife Charmian. Their friendly interest stimulated her greatly, and at their advice she went to New York University. She became a member of the Poetry Society of America, and when she came back to Portland was elected president of the Women's Press Club of Portland.

"In 1918 she published her book of verse entitled 'Drums in Our Street', and in 1919 a one act play entitled 'The Slave with Two Faces'. Her book of child verse, 'A Little Freckled Person', also published in 1919, is going very well. 'Youth Riding', another of her books, is a collection of her more recent verse. 'The Century', 'Harper's', 'The Atlantic', 'The Cosmopolitan', 'The Bookman' and many other high class magazines have published her work."

We hear from Missouri, with a note from Betty Earle—and a poem!

We Missouri editors, writers, and near-writers had our place at the Missouri Centennial Exposition at Sedalia. We were served Governor Hyde with fruit cocktail; Lieutenant-Governor Lloyd with fried chicken and corn-on-cob; J. Breckenridge Ellis with tomato salad and a delightful homespun tune; Mrs. Louise Platt Hauck and Mrs. Ruby Freudenberger properly sliced with honey-heart watermelon; and finally Publicity itself peppy as green mints.

Missouri's a hundred years old now, and dignified in spite of self-made jokes and show-me skepticism. We are proud of her, editors, writers, near-writers alike; and the enclosed verse proves it! Doesn't it?

ONE HUNDRED YEARS

One hundred years—and in the place
Of wilderness, a wheat-held space
  With fields full-golden makes the run
  Of acres countless in the sun
And rich as sunlight's own vast face.

Such is the state. Her arms embrace
The food of multitudes, her pace
  Moves upward among visions spun
    One hundred years.

Scorn not her patience in the race
For saintliness. While footsteps trace
  A path of service nobly done,
  Mute on her brow, as on a nun,
Calm golden-rod has wreathed a grace
    One hundred years.

Grace King, of New Orleans, whose last book "Creole Families of New Orleans" was sold out in that city before it had time to reach the book store counters, has gone promptly to work on another that promises to have an even greater local appeal. It is a biography of the dramatic life of Madame Girard, a French teacher who lived in New Orleans. Miss King is also at work on a scenario of old New Orleans days, which she has been induced to write for the movies. This is, of course, anticipated with keen interest; for, more than any other southern writer, Miss King knows how to find and utilize in literature the human interest element in the history of her native state.

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